

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION,
30 Bromfield Street, Boston.
A. S. WHEED, Publisher.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

After Jan. 1, 1880 price to all ministers \$1.50 per year.
All other subscribers \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.



VOLUME LVII.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1880.

NUMBER 22.

Zion's Herald.

FOR ADVERTISERS
One of the best advertising mediums in
NEW ENGLAND.

It has probably more than fifty thousand readers.

For particulars, address

ALONZO S. WHEED,

Publisher,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

Ere since the world was young
Have heroes bled;
Their names yet live in story,
All written o'er with glory—
Earth's mighty dead.

To-day we crown with flowers
Our nation's shrine;
Freely we yield our rarest,
Gladly bestow the fairest
Of this fair clime.

And mingled with the blooms
Are holy tears;
For hearts were pierced and broken
When farewell words were spoken
In those sad years.

When war her banner flung
Athwart our land;
But brave men's hearts were beating
Nor dreamed they of retreating—
That martyr band.

Nobly they fought and fell
In thickest fight;
Forgot them, shall we? Never!
Nor from our memory sever
Their deeds of might.

Then bring your flowers, and crown
Each soldier's grave;
They died to save the nation,
They purchased its salvation—
Our honored brave.

Let every patriot heart
An offering bring.
While freedom's flag waves o'er us,
We'll gladly swell the chorus,
Their praise to sing.

Cromwell, Conn.

NOAH'S RAVEN.

BY REV. E. STUART BEST.

[Concluded.]

To us poor mortals of the ordinary kind, it might appear rather inconsistent that a writer, the fundamental article of whose creed is that the highest kind of knowledge is incertitude, should dogmatize with such confidence against the Bible and the God of the Bible. Has it never crept into the minds of these savants that it might not be quite scientific to deny the existence of a personal God because He is incomprehensible; that the unknowable and the non-existent are not always terms of equal value or significance; that possibly somewhere beyond the bounds of the finite intelligence, the infinite Intelligence may be found? Still more, we think that it is not the highest modesty for a man who boasts his utter lack of knowledge, to look upon the rest of mankind as still more ignorant than himself. It is really amusing to see this self-assured leader of the sect of the *agnosticists*, or, to speak in plain English, this chief of the "know-nothings," rule out the Bible as though it were of no more account to men of his erudition than the "Melodies of Mother Goose." He declares: "Now that everybody knows that Revelation has been superseded, nobody cares about the residual dregs of a religion which can claim no authority." So then, my friend Philoxeno, in case you dissent from these assertions, why, it only shows, according to the logic of our agnostic, that you are a nobody—a mere brainless frog clinging by blind instinct to the hand of some Huxley whose dissecting knife has occasioned the emptiness of your cranium.

Our author may appear illogical in his philosophical deductions, but when we come to the ethical part of his system, he is alarmingly consistent; but we must let him chop his own logic. He says: "People argue that there is a God, the cause of the order and fitness of the world, but the argument is palpably inconclusive." "The argument for the soul's immortality is gone, now that the soul is found to be a bundle of impressions, produced by a bundle of impressions which we call nerves. This leaves responsibility and a judgment day among the superstitions of the past." And our author's practice is in strict conformity with his creed. He is as free in love as he is in thought. So he tells us, "It was a favorite principle with my instructor that the students could not have a high culture without the assistance of the theatre. So I got introduced to a most fascinating woman, the daughter of a line of actors and actresses. I might have been joined to her in a civil contract; but the theatre, which I am prepared to defend when it is properly managed—which it surely may, though I admit it seldom is—was not the fittest place for the training of a young, impulsive girl, and I was afraid to connect myself with her in a legal bond, so we lived together in a re-

lation—I lost, in consequence, some of my early friends. My mother refused to visit me and my partner in our home; and when we met by accident she fell upon my neck and poured forth floods of tears. But I kept firm to my principles."

We will give but a hasty glance at a few more of the leading facts of this part of our author's confession. They are painful, but instructive. He tells us how his partner nursed him with excessive devotion through a dangerous disease; how, as he recovered, she implored him to have their relation sanctioned by marriage. He resists all her pleadings, because "all advanced thinkers are agreed that Christian marriage, with its indissoluble connections, is most unjust and irrational, interfering with liberty and making love a bondage." His partner actually leaves him, goes again upon the stage, and was unsuccessful. "Finding herself helpless, she had to return, and I was glad that she did so." Unable to exterminate the religious sentiments in this poor woman's heart, he writes: "She told me boldly, almost impudently, that she must have a religion and a worship, and I noticed her stealing away to the Catholic cathedral on the occasion of its high festival." Still further he says: "I was amazed and indignant when I found she had set up an altar in our nursery, and much of the time the mother and girls were employed in ornamenting it. I resolved on repressing the practice, and threatened to burn the figures, but this only led to a scene, and I found it best to let nature—that is, heredity—have its own way. It may take an age or two to remove the inherited diseases of the past." What a malignant power Dame Nature must exert, to smite with such an inveterate disease so many generations of her children.

Our author next takes us with him to his home. It is a time of affliction, and we feel like offering an apology for the intrusion; but the invitation is given in all sincerity, and we know that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." The oldest son, the favorite child, is dead. His father tells us: "He was a boy of bright parts, and I proceeded to train him as James Mill did his son John. I had a secret expectation that my son might have some original quality which would go down to posterity; but his brain was of an excitable character like his mother's, and gave way under the strain to which it was subjected. I would rather not express the feelings which arose as I consigned him to the tomb. There was not only disappointment, but resentment, but I could vent it only on objects which, like the cold mountains and the distant stars, took no notice of me." Alas for thee, poor, forlorn agnostic, without a God on whom to vent thy indignation or to enjoy the miserable satisfaction of cursing Him to His face! See him standing stolid, stony, tearless, the very picture of petrified despair. Look, on the other hand, at the patriarch of the Bible. The warm tears are trickling down his cheeks, but they sparkle like jewels in the solar light that glows in his countenance, as, looking up into heaven, he exclaims, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" Who in the light of such a contrast would not declare that there is more luxury in the Christian's sorrows than in all the boasted pleasures of the men who live "having no hope and without God in the world?"

In closing, our author ceases to be a philosopher, and we can see in him nothing but a miserable misanthrope; contemplating suicide with grim satisfaction, and anticipating the good time coming when society in a respectable and scientific way will take the life of those who are weary of the world. Expressing his admiration of the Nihilists of Russia and the Communists of other lands, he looks upon them as the real reformers and benefactors of the age. Like Job's war-horse, he paweth in the valley, impatient to join their fierce onslaught upon the superstitions and oppressors of humanity.

Lest any should think we have overdrawn the picture, we venture one more quotation: "Let life be enjoyed as long as it is enjoyable, and then parted with when it becomes

intolerable. What a relief to the miseries of our world if men were taught that they can take away life when it pleases them, with no risk of bringing afterward torment eternally. As society advances, I believe there will be an authorized means of ending, in a painless manner, the life of those who wish it, and this without requiring them to imbrue their hands in their own blood, exposing them to public scorn. If agnostics shear off some of the superficial aesthetic sentiments, it may generate some deeper mental forces, like those exhibited by Paul and by Mohammed, only devoted to more liberal ends. I feel this power moving like a strong wind within me. I have myself felt the impulse that has moved the Communists of Paris. In nearly every country there are tyrants to be moved out of the way by all means, because they are crushing liberty. In every country there are idols to be cast down. How eagerly do I enter into the spirit of the Persians when they hewed down the huge bulls of Egypt, and of John Knox when he dashed to the ground the images of the Virgin and of Christ Himself; and I feel that I am called on to go and do likewise."

On the whole, we are disposed to think that this remarkable production will do little to advance the interests of the cause which it represents; so those who advertise for a new religion will wisely conclude that our agnostic is not strong enough for the place. An old garment, no matter how *outré* and tattered it may be, is certainly better than entire nudity when the thermometer is below zero; while every candid thinker will see a powerful argument in favor of Christianity in the ludicrous and utter failures which men make when they attempt to supplant it, improve it, or ignore it. While men are constantly crying like the erring Israelites in the desert, "Up, make us gods to go before us," and are casting all their wealth of science and philosophy into the crucible, as of old it can only be said, "And there came out this calf." One thing we clearly see from the article before us, and that is, that religious ideas are, at once, the foundation and cement of society; that should ever the theories of our author generally prevail, the scenes of the great French Revolution would quickly be re-enacted. Every government on the face of the earth would be exploded, and humanity perish in a wild simoon of anarchy and blood.

WASHINGTON REVISITED.

III.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

Society in this city has greatly improved in the last two decades. The old and permanent residents are a class by themselves, while the members of Congress with their families form another and rather exclusive class. But the later custom of the members of taking their families with them and keeping house instead of boarding at hotels, is a most happy and beneficial change. Their intercourse with each other, regardless of political divisions, is free and social. I received two invitations to dine, which I regretted my inability to do, one from my old friend, Dr. Loring, and the other from one of the popular Representatives from Boston, Hon. Leopold Morse, who said, "Come and dine with me; I keep open house." Affable, gentlemanly, good-natured, intellectual, with a fine personal presence, he would honor the Mayor's chair of the City of Boston.

At the dinner table to-day, I casually remarked, "Well, I shook hands with each of the Indians of the four delegations at church this morning," when some one said, "But how could you take the hand of those murderous savages?" "Well," I replied, "I yesterday looked into the Representative Chamber of Congress, and saw a hundred or more of our Representatives who have killed, or caused to be killed, more men, and broken the hearts of more women, a hundred to one, than these savages ever dreamed of doing; yet you shake hands with them, smile on them, and take them to your homes. And then, these Indians are fighting for their homes, their lands, and the graves of

their ancestors. They are wronged, robbed, and driven back before the white flood that rolls on after them. Well said the poet for them, —

'They waste us aye, like April snow,
And fast they follow as we go
Toward the setting sun.'

They are ignorant, and know only the natural law of retaliation. On the other hand, these white and pious men who inaugurated the late terrible war, had no grievance; no wrong had been done them, or intended wrong; they knew better; they saw, in the advance of intelligence and civilization, power slipping from their hands, and with an oath on their lips to smother the government, turned and smote their mother. Do not call these children of nature murderous savages. When I must choose between a rebel under a government like this, and a savage, I take the savage."

There was silence, broken at last by the good lady at the head of the table: "Will you take another cup of coffee?" "Thanks, I will take another cup."

One of the boarders, a member of the House, from the West, remarked, "I see you do not quite understand the state of matters here, and if you will not be offended, I will make a suggestion for your benefit."

"Oh, you cannot offend me; say on."

"Well, if you are after any favor from government for yourself, or some friend, be careful to say nothing while here of the Union, or anything that you or yours have done to preserve it, as all that is at great discount in this city just now."

"Thank you," said I, "and I will bear your advice in mind;" but I saw a twinkle in his eye, which suggested the Philosopher Ward's "This is sarkastick." "I will be on my guard; if I have occasion to speak of the late war, I will call it 'that little misunderstanding;' of the rebels, as our dear brethren who had no heart to fight, and yielded only to the logic of events when taking up arms; of Andersonville, Castle Thunder and Libby Prison, I will speak as Southern charity hospitals, where our sick and wounded boys were so tenderly nursed, fed on the delicacies of the season, comforted in their last hours, and laid away in their graves by brotherly hands, while tears of sympathy fell upon their pale cheeks. But I see many equestrian statues reared in your city since I was here. What do these men on horseback signify? There's 'Old Hickory!' I know him; and General Scott, with his 'hasty plate of soup;' but who are McPherson, and Reynolds, and Custer? Of them what may be said in this patriotic city?"

"Oh, call them F. F. V.'s on a grand tournament."

"No," said I, "I will connect them with the post-office department, and we can say that they are intended to represent the progress of society, and are figures of the old-time mail-carriers. Or, what is better, say that General Grant, whose father's house was the home of the old Methodist preachers, caused them to be erected to represent the old Methodist circuit-riders." The company thought that to be very good.

Now all this will be read, if read at all, as playful badinage, but, my thoughtful reader, go to Washington as I went there, stand in the old Hall of Representatives, and say to yourself, "Here we struggled for ten long weeks to elect the first Republican speaker, with abuse, and taunts, and threats of personal violence, and a disruption of the Union. Go, as I went there in 1862, and see the city full of armed men, when

"There was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

I think of the long suspense, the terrible struggle, the half million of dead, the frenzied grief, the widow's wail, and the unprotected orphan; the six thousand millions of money expended; the collapse, the triumph, the crushing of the Rebellion; and then revisit Washington as I do now, and see the halls of Congress filled with rebels, unrepentant and unchanged, still planning, plotting and scheming to bring about the end they have steadily in view—the destruction of this government—and you will better appreciate this sarcasm.

But let us trust in God and vote for Grant—or Blaine, or some other tried Republican, and "keep your powder dry."

I noticed but one nuisance in this city, and that is the swarms of little colored beggars which fill the streets, and with provoking persistence beset every person who ventures out on foot. I was on my way to my lodgings just as the sun was going down, when suddenly there appeared by my side a mite of African descent, perhaps six or seven years in this mundane, and a plaintive, piping voice said, "Please, sir, give me a penny to buy something t'e't." "Your father and mother will give you that," said I sharply. "Ain't got no fader n'r mudder, sir, and dere's six children of us, sir." Of course such an appeal put a penny into his hand. But ah, luckless gift! A dozen snapping black eyes were watching the result of that experiment. From round the corners they rushed to work that bonanza, every one fatherless, motherless, and each with five or six brothers and sisters, all helpless. Your only relief now is to bring your foot down upon the side-walk, and cry "Scat!" This should be stopped.

I must leave for home. The train for New York leaves at quarter to ten p. m. I bid my kind host and his good wife farewell, step into a street car for the Metropolitan Church for the evening service—a beautiful church—where I heard a really able sermon by the pastor, Brother Baer, then to the cars, and at 7 next morning was in New York. I visited the new Book Room for the first time, looked into the Preachers' Meeting, took the boat at 5 p. m., and was home to breakfast.

I bring away from our capital one profound regret. I entirely forgot that my old and true friend, Rev. Charles Adams, was a resident of that city, and so failed to call upon him. I cannot forgive myself, and yet it is not so strange, I found myself among strangers. I met but three persons who were residents in the city when I was there. Brother Adams was not there, and so, in recalling the past, his smiling face failed to come to my call. My old friend, forgive me! I did not forget you, as I never knew you in Washington. My present purpose is to pass the next winter in that city, if the President fails to appoint me Consul to Alaska, when I hope to see you, my dear, old-time friend.

A REMINISCENCE OF BISHOP HAVEN.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

About the middle of March, 1878, Mrs. Chisholm sent for Asa P. Knight, esq., of this city, and informed him that it had been her desire, ever since the massacre of her husband, son and daughter, to commemorate by appropriate religious services the martyrdom of the Chisholm family, when the surviving children could be together, especially as no religious services were allowed at the burial in Mississippi. Her eldest son, Henry Clay Chisholm, having arrived at Washington, she desired the services on the ensuing anniversary, April 29, and requested an invitation to be sent to Rev. Dr. John P. Newman, then in New York city, to conduct the exercises, as her late husband and only daughter attended his church, the Metropolitan, when in Washington. Dr. Newman replied, regretting that he could not be present at the time named.

When the letter was handed to Mr. Knight in the General Post-office by a letter-carrier, he was conversing with Bishop Haven, who had just called on me at my office, and on his warm personal friend, Judge Robert F. Crowell (chief of the pay division of the Auditor's office, P. O. Department, and brother of Rev. L. Crowell of the New England Conference), as was his invariable custom when he stopped over in this city.

After reading Dr. Newman's letter, Mr. Knight asked the Bishop how long he would remain in Washington. He replied, "I leave by the first train." When informed concerning Mrs. Chisholm's purpose, and questioned whether he would deliver an address if invited, he said that he

could not on the 29th of April; but he would be at Wilmington, Delaware, attending a meeting of the board of Bishops in May, and would be in Washington on Sunday, the 19th of that month, and the occasion would afford him the opportunity of saying some things that should be said in the nation's capital.

When Dr. Newman's letter was handed to Mrs. Chisholm, the interview with the Bishop was named. She immediately wrote to him to conduct the exercises. The Bishop replied that his physician had prohibited him from preaching, but if she would arrange with some one for a short sermon, he would attempt a brief address, and thus occupy the time.

On the 19th of May, 1878, at the Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., to a very large congregation, Rev. Dr. Henry R. Naylor officiated and delivered an appropriate sermon of great beauty and merit, and was followed by Bishop Haven in that admirable memorial address which is conceded by all a masterly effort.

The Bishop came to my house Saturday evening from the Wilmington meetings, wearied and indisposed, and remarked that he had been closely occupied with official duties, but had hastily sketched a few thoughts while on the wing, which he would then revise, and asked me to assist him by referring to books in my library, giving the time when the heroic act of Hannah Dustin occurred (1698), and verifying a few other references, as he must be accurate in all his statements, for his remarks would be scrutinized. He was a rapid writer, and finished his address before retiring, remarking, "This work is not of my seeking. I sometimes wish it had not been suggested; but I could not decline the invitation. It would have been cowardly, although this address may be at the risk of my life." He subsequently said to Mr. Knight, "If any disaster befalls me, you are responsible, and the authorities of the Church will so hold you." He also remarked that a high official in the Church had said to him, "I notice you are to deliver an address on the Chisholm massacre, in the Metropolitan; it will be the funeral of that church." The address was delivered, and the church lives.

I have a letter from Bishop Haven, written at Atlanta, Ga., June 7, 1878, from which I extract the following: "If it does not hurt you, I can stand it. I knew they would attack me ferociously. I knew it might go so far as to threaten my life. I therefore put a word or two in the address that implied it. The *Courier-Journal* demands that I be led to the block. The Mississippi papers are out full-mouthed. Nevertheless, I could not have done otherwise. It is to be published in our papers here—in the *Georgia Republican*, in the *Western Advocate*, in the *Southwestern Advocate*, New Orleans, and perhaps elsewhere. So the good offsets the bad."

The Bishop always received a warm welcome at my house when in Washington, and kind attention as an invalid. He was always busy, very industrious, and conducted an extensive correspondence with wonderful rapidity, and when really unable to journey, would start on his mission with surprising courage considering his great bodily indisposition. He was truly a servant of the Church, and displayed great endurance and activity. He possessed a very fertile mind, an excellent spirit and a brave heart—genial, sincere, prompt, reliable and intrepid. True in his friendships, he will be affectionately remembered for his fidelity to his convictions and as an eminent exemplar of a divinely religious faith.

Washington, D. C., May 1, 1880.

INFLUENCE.

BY REV. C. ADAMS, D. D.

This is a hackneyed theme, yet influence is a matter too startling and momentous ever to be ignored or forgotten. It lives everywhere, is everywhere active, and every moment is working out its great results.

Curious and wonderful, often, are such results, especially as observed in the religious world. In Prof. Park's admirable essay on the "Dignity and Importance of the Preacher's Work," he cites several examples beautiful in themselves, and such as every Gospel minis-

ter should deeply ponder. Some of these illustrations are all the more interesting from the unexpectedness and improbability of the phenomena presented.

More than two hundred years ago, for example, Edward Calamy was one of the noted and popular preachers of London. On a certain Sabbath the crowds gathered as usual to his church, but at once observed that the great preacher was absent from his pulpit. In his place was a minister from the country, a stranger to the congregation, many of whom at once left the house. Among those who remained, however, was a young man—an invalid—who had come in, as the others, to hear the distinguished minister accustomed to officiate there. As a multitude in their disappointment were leaving the church, this young man was invited also to retire; but feeling himself unable or unwilling to walk further, he declined the invitation. He was not only of slender health, but for several years had been in deep despondency of mind, and for much time had almost entirely absented himself from intercourse with men; and there in that church he sat pensively and with a heavy heart. Meanwhile the country clergyman arose to preach with the text, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith!" "It was," writes Prof. Park, "a healing balm to the youthful invalid. It was a prominent means of relieving him from his moral, mental, and thereby of his corporeal maladies. He began a life of new Christian activity as well as of new confidence and joy; he acquired an extensive influence both in Church and State; . . . he numbered among his pupils John Locke, William Penn, Dr. South, Dr. Whitby, Sir Christopher Wren, and Launcelot Addison, father of the celebrated essayist; he published, during his life, seven folio volumes, twenty-one quartos, thirty octavos, and is still revered as a kind of prince and oracle among divines. It was John Owen who thus ascribed his religious health and much of his usefulness to a single sermon."

One other illustration presented by the distinguished Professor, though quite different, yet seems equally curious and impressive.

A certain boy of fifteen years, who was present at the beheading of King Charles I., heard, one Sabbath, the pious Flavel preach from the text, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." Closing his sermon, and lifting up his hands in pronouncing the benediction, the preacher paused for a moment, and then, in solemn pity, exclaimed, "How shall I bless this whole assembly when every person present not loving the Lord is anathema?" This boy subsequently emigrated to this country, and became a farmer in Middlebury, Mass. When a hundred years old, he was, one day, sitting in his field, and as he sat and meditated there, his thoughts went back through the long vista of departed years to that Sabbath of his boyhood—that sermon, that awful pause of the preacher as he was about to pronounce the benediction, and his hesitation to bless those whom God cursed. The old man of a hundred years became alarmed as he remembered and pondered that exclamation of the minister, and in his extreme old age became a convert to the grace of God, adorned his profession, and, fifteen years afterward, passed away to heaven.

"The moral of his epitaph," says the Professor, "is that a phrase dropped into the mind of a lad on one continent and in one century, may lie buried long in dust, and then spring up and bear fruit on another continent and in another century, and be destined to perpetual remembrance."

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

From our Exchanges.

The majority of our church members are women. Take, for instance, an individual church consisting of one hundred members, and out of that hundred there will certainly be sixty women. Have these sixty any less interest in the advancement of Christ's cause in the place than the forty men? Do the forty men understand the religious needs of their children more thoroughly and sympathetically than the sixty women? Ought the forty alone to have an authoritative voice as to who shall be the pastor of the church, as to the programme of religious worship, as to the conduct of the Sunday-school, as to the nature and management of the social, literary and missionary organizations connected with the church?—*Morning Star*.

Prohibition, with its blessed train of peace, industry, prosperity and security, must in the end become the normal condition of our country, for the people have their eyes open to one stern fact; either they must control or destroy the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink, or it will destroy them. There is no compromise about it. It is not in the nature of things to tamely submit to an evil that threatens destruction to life and its best interests. The majority of our people know this, and have only to act steadily and earnestly in unison with their knowledge and heart convictions to gain complete victory over intemperance. The prophecy tends rapidly to its fulfillment; we stand on the border land of a possession fairer than any which men have yet won. Having won it, a kingdom of righteousness is no longer a dream.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE
M. E. CHURCH.ADDRESS OF REV. F. W. S. HAM-
MOND.

The following is the address of Rev. F. W. S. Hammond, of Lexington, the colored delegate:

MR. PRESIDENT: In my opinion, the time has come for the Methodist Episcopal Church, through her representatives, to elect a colored man to the episcopal office. I am aware that a large class of the ministry and laity hold adverse views.

I assume that the great Methodist Episcopal Church is about pledged against a restricted episcopacy. All of her bishops, of any race whatever, must be full bishops, and possess full episcopal powers.

I assume that the Church, in the spirit of true progress and consistency, will not elect to that office a man who is not in every sense the equal of his colleagues in official prerogative.

I am glad to know that our honored bishops are known far and wide for their extensive culture, their deep and fervent piety, and their great executive ability.

It is affirmed that there are no colored men in our Church possessing the requisite qualifications for this high and important office. I would prove recalcitrant to my trust, false to the Conference that has honored me, derelict in my duty to my God and my race, if I did not affirm, with equal emphasis, that there are men of color in the Methodist Episcopal Church who could adorn this office with credit to themselves and to the Church of which they are honored members. Again, it is affirmed, that prejudice against color in the Church is so strong that it absolutely renders the advancement of a colored man to that position an impossibility. In reply to that objection, I will frankly affirm that the statement is without foundation. In fact, I do solemnly declare in the presence of these witnesses and before the ever living, ever loving Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that I do not believe that the great heart of the Methodist Episcopal Church is polluted with such a foul stain. I do not, I cannot believe, sirs, that you, her distinguished representatives, are worshipping at the shrine of a prejudice that finds its only excuse in the color of a man's skin. No, sirs; I anticipate your response.

The immortal Wesley, a century ago, proclaimed the sounding aphorism, that human slavery was the sum of all villainies. That sentiment, coming from the great founder of Methodism, electrified the Church, and its mighty influence descending upon her sons like an inspiration consecrated them to that heroic service, and from that time the freedom of the slave became the keynote of Methodist progress and aggression. Most we believe now, after almost a century of the most wonderful progress in the annals of the Church; after almost a century of illustrious achievements for God and humanity; after the establishment of thousands of enterprises for the diffusion of light and knowledge; after the overthrow of the most gigantic rebellion ever known, in what by your prayers, your sermons, by the blood of your fathers and sons, and out of which came the emancipation of four millions of slaves; after reaching forth your hands to take hold of the very ends of the earth; after evincing your determination to belt the world with Gospel light; after your proud boast of solving the problem of human destiny; after planting your standard amongst almost all nations, and kindreds, and colors, and tongues, are you willing for the Church to go upon the reverse with a practice which will tarnish her fair name and nullify the history of her illustrious dead? No, sirs. A million of her devoted sons and daughters, fresh from their closets of prayer, are ready with you to proclaim to all the world that a prejudice against a man because of the color of his skin or the texture of his hair, is the crowning villainy of the nineteenth century!

Men and brethren, hear me for my cause. I would not draw the color line; I would not draw the line of races; far be it from me. I would that there were no distinctions; what God hath cleansed I would not call common. For God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him. And, sirs, I believe you will say accepted with us.

Let us draw the line of righteousness. Let us erect a grand monument, towering above all and every prejudice. Let us cement it with the blood of our illustrious martyrs; garnish it with the noble deeds of the followers of Wesley. Let us write upon its base the inspired sentiment, that God hath made of one blood all the nations to dwell upon the face of the earth. Higher up its towering shaft we will write, there is nothing in race, color or previous condition; and upon the apex let us plant the standard of our glorious Methodism and inscribe thereon in characters of living glory, "God our Father, Christ our Saviour, man our brother."

We have reached the crisis; the Rubicon is before us. It is easy to see the hand of God in selecting the Methodist Episcopal Church as the principal instrumentality in solving the problem which has almost baffled the wisdom of the nineteenth century. The discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the voyage of the "Mayflower," the landing of the pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, have long since passed into history. They are regarded as providential events in the establishment of this mighty republic. The landing of that cargo of stolen Africans at Jamestown, their cruel enslavement for two hundred years was the problem of modern times, which the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the grace of God, was called upon to solve. She could not help interpreting the signs of the times. It was an outlook fraught with tremendous consequences. It was a hazardous undertaking, but with characteristic energy she

assumed the task, and, marching in the forefront with poised lance, she demanded from her altars, hallowed by the living sacrifices of a consecrated ministry, the freedom of the slave; and she demanded his complete elevation from slavery to freedom. The more I study the history of this great Church, the more am I convinced of the divinity of her mission in the elevation of and the redemption of Africa. You taught us a century ago that we were men, that we were susceptible of the highest development socially, morally, intellectually, and politically. You are teaching us to-day that we are brothers, children of the same common mother, and eligible to the highest possible advancement within your power.

How shall we meet the issue? How shall we best carry out the mandates of divine Providence? What are you going to do with your *prophets*? Why, sirs, the best blood of this nation, the life-long services of her most eminent statesmen, the best talent of her most eminent ministers, the earnest prayers of a progressive Christianity have been laid upon our country's altar, as an offering to wipe out the foul stain upon the great sacrifice had cleared away, you went forth boldly to receive your gift; you heard the tramp of four millions of chattels, coming from the swamp, the bayous, the plantations, amid the roar of battle and the dreadful din of the mighty conflict. They reached forth their hands—poor, ignorant, despised. Your great heart beat in sympathy for them. You established schools for them. You educated them. Many were graduated from your colleges, and they have gone forth, under the inspiration of your zeal, having an abiding confidence in the truthfulness of your interest in all that pertains to their welfare socially, morally, and intellectually. I say, they have gone forth with the baptism of our glorious Methodism, to assist in the conquest of the world for Christ.

I need not say, Mr. Chairman, that the outlook, after fifteen years, is a hopeful one. No nation on the face of the earth has made greater progress, in the same space of time. The colored people are marching forward in solid phalanx, and, as they pass the serried ranks of their friends, the soft whisperings of their approbation break forth into an exultant shout: "Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free."

New York may burn an asylum; West Point may so far forget its dignity as to torture the poor black cadet; the solid South may menace and push into servitude the poor negro, and ostracize those who labor for his elevation; but, sirs, the black host is coming. God has decreed it, and the great Methodist Church says "Amen."

Mr. President, I find myself sometimes wishing that I could call back the years that have passed away since the memorable days of 1861. I would place on that platform with your illustrious colleagues a galaxy of the mightiest intellects that the nineteenth century has produced. Could I call them back from the spirit land, the immortal Lincoln would say, with malice toward none, with charity toward all, let there be freedom to the slave. The sainted Thomson would plead as of yore with that eloquence and power which once moved the multitude. Could he speak here to-day, I think he would say, "The black, blind giant, whom we have admitted into our temple of liberty, if educated, may buttress its walls, but if left in ignorance may in some moment pull the fair fabric to the ground;" and then in words that will never be forgotten, he would say, "Restore Eastern Africa her stolen sons." The great Charles Sumner would show you the record of a spotless public life, devoted to the interests of the colored man. Could he speak here to-day I think he would say, "Do not let the civil rights bill fail."

The great apostle of Methodism, the now sainted Bishop James, would remind you of the pleasant moments he spent with the Delaware brethren, while he stood upon the threshold of the glory land. Could he be with us to-day I think he would linger a moment to behold the wonderful progress which the race had made, and ere he took his flight to the spirit land would say—"I am not disappointed." It seems hard to realize that the good, the gentle, the brave Bishop Haven is not here to take his place with you to-day. Grand soul! Champion of human rights! A nation mourns his loss. Could he speak here to-day he would sketch upon the altar of the Church a brief *résumé* of his active life; he would tell you in words that burn, of his deep, thorough interest in the absolute elevation and advancement of the colored man in the Church and in the State. They are not with us in the flesh, but I find it quite reasonable to believe that from the spirit land, they come to-day to wield a silent and unseen influence, and to witness an event which will signal the dawning of a new era in our grand Church.

May we not disappoint them! Thousands of our people are praying that the mantles of these good men may fall on you, and that like them you might lead on to the host.

You have already granted us annual conferences, presiding elders, an equal share in your vast funds; institutions of learning have complimented some of us with honorary titles; and four years ago you elected a colored man to the editorship of one of our leading journals. (It is to be regretted that he did not stick.) The picture is nearly complete; one touch of the artist's brush—just a little coloring—and you have the picture of the times.

The great masses of our people take no stock in the much hackneyed argument, often made by other denominations, that the Methodist Episcopal Church, by her failure to elect a colored bishop, practically ignores our manhood. No, sirs, the Church has made us what we are, and, by the grace of God, we are willing to trust in her to make us what we will be. In looking

over the official list of the delegates to this General Conference, I see the names of some of our most eminent ministers, and among the laymen some who have and are now filling offices of public trust. In the pulpit, on the platform, in the freestone, in the sanctum, in the legislative assemblies, and in the halls of Congress, you have spoken brave words for our race. You have stirred the heart of this republic; you have dictated the national policy; you have demanded that legislation which would secure to all the inhabitants of this land equal political rights, and the nation, in obedience to your demands, has decreed that henceforth freedom, justice, and equality shall be the grand underlying principle of this great political establishment; and when you saw the representatives of that race in the legislatures of several States of this Union, in the Senate and House of Representatives, in the consular and diplomatic service, at West Point and at Annapolis, the recognition of the race was complete. You felt that the triumph was yours.

Will you demand of the government more than you are willing to concede yourselves? No! A thousand times no! Gentlemen of the General Conference, look upon these shadowy faces. Look upon the vast army behind them. Look at the strong arms and warm hearts which are now holding them up to receive a mother's greeting. Let them remind you of what has already been achieved through your instrumentality.

Encouraged by your interest, they are aspiring to a higher, a nobler manhood. And now, sirs, I ask, in the name of the Lexington Conference, which has honored me with an election to your honorable body, in the name of two hundred thousand members, in the name of three thousand traveling and local preachers, in the name of fifty thousand Sunday-school pupils, in the name of the many friends who are interested in our welfare, in the name of our honored and illustrious dead, in the name of consistency, justice, and humanity, in the name of your prayers, in the name of the vast wealth you have consecrated to the cause of human amelioration, in the name of the blood you have offered upon your country's altar, and in the name of the Triune God, I ask that you would waive every other consideration, that you would rise to the great importance of the occasion, and in the night and majesty of your Christian manhood, bridge the chasm and assist us in the election of a colored man to the episcopate. Not as a colored bishop; not as the bishop of Africa. I know I am putting the case strongly; but I prefer to let our memorial stand on its own merits. A Bishop for the whole Church! A colored Bishop of the whole Church!

Mr. President, I am aware of the fact, that among the delegates representing Conferences in part or entirely composed of colored members, there may be those who may differ with me. I hope if there is any difference between us it will be an honest one. But suppose they all favor the election of a colored Bishop, or else *negus*, what then? The colored vote alone could not elect, for we only compose about one-thirteenth of your voting power. Hence our utter inability to elect if we divide on the color line. This we cannot afford to do. This we dare not do. The Church must take no backward step. Under the strong light of a well-trained public opinion, your action to-day will be submitted to the closest scrutiny, the severest criticism. Three mighty continents are looking upon you. The electric spark is waiting with restless anxiety to bear the news. This is, perhaps, the grandest opportunity of your lives. Forty-four years ago, in this very city, and almost within a stone's throw of this very spot, in the arbitrament of a question that involved the happiness of millions, and which caused nearly one-half of your membership to secede, you severed ties that had bound you together for more than half a century. Notwithstanding, you covenanted with the Church to protect her dusky children, and the world will now say that you have not broken your covenant. You have fought nobly and well. It is, therefore, eminently fitting that in this great city of historic reminiscences that we erect an altar of thanksgiving, and in the great joy of our hearts let us unite our suffrages and bear in triumph to the ranks of our chief pastors the trophy of our victory.

Dear fathers and brethren, do not fear. We have the men—men of deep, fervent piety, broad, liberal culture and ability. In the ranks of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion, and the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of America, will be found men of ability, of culture, of piety; they are well known to you. It would be a sad comment on our progress that if the churches just mentioned, with only one endowed institution of learning, could produce more talented and educated ministers than the great Methodist Episcopal Church with its fourscore institutions of learning, its great book concerns and its splendid literature. Yes, sirs, we have the men. They may not be titled, they may not be enrolled among the Alma Mater of your noble institutions, but they are God's noblemen—heroes for God and the Church—following her not for the leaves and fishes, but for Christ's sake; and who, whatever grace you show, will say, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whether thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if I ought but death part thee and me."

Man too easily cheats himself with taking repentance for reformation, resolutions for actions, blossoms for fruits, as on the naked twig of the fig-tree fruits sprout forth which are only the fleshy rind of the blossom.—Richter.

Correspondence.

FROM NEW YORK.

ALBANY.

Enforced pauses in railroad journeys are seldom pleasant, but when compelled to make them it is always wise to employ the time in seeing what is to be seen in the neighborhood, and especially if what is to be seen be of any importance to the public at large. Acting on this principle, your correspondent employed a six hours' detention at Albany, while on his way to the General Conference at Cincinnati, in visiting the new Capitol of the State of New York. It is a truly magnificent building, and has cost a truly magnificent sum—from twelve to sixteen million dollars—and will cost the further magnificent sum of four or five million dollars before it is completed. The style of architecture is composite—the Venetian element predominating. Architecture is the expression of climate and character. The United States are slowly elaborating a new style, unknown to any other land, and yet truly indicative of the national qualities which make us what we are. Among these qualities, strength, symmetry, solidity, and showiness must be enumerated. If extravagance be added to the list, no complaint can be made of unfairness, or want of fidelity to the truth. The original estimate for the new Capitol at Albany was less than the sum that will be required to finish it. It has not been built by contract, but on the plan of day labor, and is a splendid monument of the wealth, power, and patriotism of the State. Of course there have been jobs about it. But that is natural, for one of the declaimers we heard in the Assembly insisted on it that jobbery was natural to a certain class of the great public. For that reason he objected to the conversion of the grounds on the American side of Niagara Falls into a park, to be paid for by the State. If the American people want a national park, he argued that the American people ought to pay for it; and if the people of the locality want a park, then they ought to pay for it. He objected to any and all plans based on the project of saddling such indefinite expense on the State. He spoke disparagingly of the new Capitol; said he would be willing to exchange it for an international Niagara Park, and to remove again into the old building. That is shabby enough; but the acoustic properties of the halls in which the two branches of the Legislature met, were certainly better than those of the new Representative Chamber. It abounds in confusing echoes, and needs to be utilized for some time before it can be appreciated. The Senate Chamber is not completed, and until it is, the Senate will continue to meet in the hall set apart for the use of the Court of Appeals.

Methodist preachers ought to be circumspect as well as good men, for it is well-nigh impossible for one of twenty-five years' experience to get into any place where he is not accosted by name on the spot. Even legislative halls he is not secure of oblivion. Door-keeper, member, and senator will exchange salutations with him. Both Houses are hurriedly but intelligently voting on the final passage of bills. Whether the members be as corrupt as popular rumor affirms, who can tell? There are two sides to that, as to all questions; and maybe there is more honesty and patriotism in public places than the general public is willing to believe.

THE OIL REGION.

Once more on the way, at Buffalo we buy a copy of the *Courier*, which announces the fact that the northern oil field in Pennsylvania has been devastated by an appalling conflagration, which has consumed 700 wells, destroyed property worth over \$1,000,000, and swept West City—a place of 100 houses—from the face of the earth. A legal gentleman, of Methodist belongings, and hailing from Meadville, the seat of Allegheny College, is deeply interested in the news, because he practices law in Bradford and all other counties of the oil region. He relates some facts, new and startling to us. One of these is that the oil supply is exhaustible, and is exhausted in some localities. For example, Pithole City, which boasted 10,000 inhabitants in 1865-6, only mustered six voters at the last election. The city has gone—houses, hotels, banks, churches and schools—and its very site is reverting to the original forest condition. Thus it is with Petroleum City. The fountains have ceased to flow, the busy hum of activity has lapsed into silence, and primeval solitude is regaining its ancient domain. What shall we do for light when the oil supply is used up? New Bedford may then enter upon a new era of activity, and the sperm whales upon a new era of anxiety; or, perhaps, by that time Edison will have perfected his electric lamp, and Keely his unknown motor, and we shall have lamps that won't explode, and light that will exceed those of kerosene as kerosene exceeds that of sperm fat.

Our Pennsylvania companion turns out to be A. B. Richmond, esq., a lawyer of long experience and of high standing, who has been engaged in nearly four thousand criminal cases, including fifty-seven murders, and who is fully satisfied that over three thousand of those cases, including forty-three murders, have been caused by the maddening influence of strong drink. His varied and thrilling experiences have been embodied—or rather a part of those experiences have been embodied—in a book published by the American Book Exchange, New York, entitled, "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer." It amply demonstrates the thesis that intemperance is the great source of crime. It is a book of the same thrilling class as "The Devil's Chain," by Jenkins, a London barrister; "The Diary of a Physician," by S. W. Warren; and "Strange Tales from Humble Life," by John Ashworth. It is written *ad populum*, and meets with a

very large sale. "Truth is stranger than fiction," is an adage exemplified by these tragic disclosures. In the proper mood for it, the reader will laugh, cry, and grow angry by turns. Mr. Richmond is a lucid and forcible reasoner. The license law he abhors. With Lord Brougham he maintains: "There is a law above all enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, and in all time. It is the law written by the finger of God upon the hearts of men, and by that law eternal and unchangeable; and while men shall loathe rapine, hate crime, and abhor blood, they will deny the wild, the guilty phantasm that man has a right to give to his fellow-man that which he knows will prompt him to crime, and ruin him in this world and in the world to come." He has great faith in the women of the country, and believes that all questions pertaining to the liquor traffic. We hold to the same opinion—Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer to the contrary notwithstanding. Argument, persuasion, and other methods will never pass out of date. But more is needed. "The most powerful weapon to be used in the coming conflict is the ballot; and to make that weapon an effective one, it must be placed in the hands of the women of the country. There is no alternative; there it must be placed, and there it will assuredly be as that the sun will shine on the morning of future elections." When love, family, and home are imperiled, woman, with the ballot in her hand, will always vote in their defense, no matter how large "the crowd of men" at the polls may be.

Mr. Richmond writes in the style of a typical lawyer, accustomed to play on all the passions of human nature. He is laughable, logical, funny, tragical, and withal profoundly reverent to religion, as all good Methodists are. His book merits and receives high praise, and is worthy of place in every Sunday-school and church library.

R. WHEATLEY.

FROM THE SOUTH.

MR. EDITOR: If I promise to write you has not "expired by limitation," I will try to give you a bird's-eye view of my wanderings, though I cannot promise to entertain you. An uneventful but pleasant journey of three days and four nights brought us to Jacksonville, Florida, on the morning of Feb. 9. Thanks to the luxurious Pullman "Sleeper," through from Boston to Savannah without change, and a well-filled lunch-basket, we both not only escaped the fatigue usually incident to so long a trip, but gained daily in strength and flesh.

After a week spent in pleasant greeting among our old friends, resident and from different sections, we steamed up the beautiful St. John's two hundred miles, to Sanford, on Lake Monroe, and settled down. As a winter resort for invalids, I do not hesitate to recommend this part of the State as being preferable to any I have visited. The air is peculiarly soft and balmy, and though sometimes quite warm in the middle of the day, the nights are generally cool and comfortable. In the growing of oranges and all semi-tropical fruits, I think no county in the State ranks higher than this, or is being more rapidly populated and developed. Most of the settlers are from the North, many from Boston and vicinity, who with characteristic energy and push, and with prayerful devotion to God and the best interests of society, are building churches, school-houses and railroads—a guarantee of a civilization formerly unknown in this region.

Jacksonville is at once the gateway and the metropolis of the State. During the hard times it suffered in common with other parts of the country, but the "boom" has struck, and the craze is at fever heat. Merchants have never had such a country trade. Bricks and mortar and the stately piles are rapidly being converted into real estate. The city is constructing water-works, sewers and canals, and the sounds of the diggers and builders ring out on the balmy air through the live-long day.

Nearly nine years ago I had the pleasure of helping to organize the Trinity M. E. Church here. Since then, notwithstanding the liberal donations received from Northern visitors, and the help given by the Church Extension Society, the little church has had a hard struggle for life. Bishop Jones, some years since, selected the finest lot for a church site in the city and told them to go ahead. A frame building, which has served for a chapel and parsonage, was erected, but only partly paid for, which increased their embarrassments, and the struggle went on. A year or more ago a foundation for a church was put in on the part of the lot reserved for it, but they could go no further, and the work stopped.

A new pastor, Rev. Mr. Payne, came. The brethren were called together, and though much discouraged, but not dismayed, unanimously resolved to build, and now all is gloriously changing. A capacious and beautiful brick edifice stands on that foundation. It was dedicated by Bishop Simpson in an unfinished state, and a large collection was taken. When I left, the 19th of March, the pews were being put in, and ere this, doubtless, the brave and prayerful little church are in the full enjoyment of the fruits of their indefatigable and self-sacrificing labors. For this grand result great honor is due the pastor and one or two laymen who have shrunk from no labor or financial burden necessary to its accomplishment. And now Methodism has a heretage and a home in Jacksonville unequalled for situation, beauty of architecture and good workmanship by any of her sister churches. But the best of all is, God is crowning the work with the conversion of sinners and the building up of believers in His most holy faith.

At 5.30 P. M., we are "packed up" and off for New Orleans. At 2 o'clock our train of ten cars is tumbled into a swamp by the breaking of a rail, and badly smashed. Fortunately no person was much hurt. Through Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana the colored people

—men, women and children—were putting in cotton and corn. White folks hang about the towns and cities, lounge around depots to see the trains come and go, and tell you they are poor. "The war has ruined us." In Montgomery and Mobile I asked merchants and shippers about business. In nearly every instance the answer was, "Before the war we were prosperous and happy, but the war ruined us." In confirmation they pointed to their steamboats rotting in idleness at the docks, the closed stores, and the dilapidated pavements along their business streets. These evidences of their poverty and many others are, indeed, apparent enough; but the air of injured innocence and freedom with which they flaunt their rags excite not one's sympathy but disgust. By "war" is meant the North, on which the white Southerner charges all the responsibility for his woes.

In New Orleans we made very agreeable the acquaintance of Rev. Dr. Hartwell and his excellent lady. The fearless and outspoken loyalty of the *Southern Christian Advocate* you know full well. Mrs. Hartwell is engaged in a noble Christian work among the freedwomen of the city. Aided by lady missionaries, the people are visited in their homes, mothers' meetings and meetings for young women arranged for, religious and moral instruction imparted, suggestions and advice given on all matters relating to home life, personal habits, tastes, etc. Great success has attended these efforts thus far, and she hopes soon to organize and extend the work as much as possible throughout the State. Here is a grand opportunity for lovers of God and humanity to help in a cause which appeals at once to their hearts and pockets, with sure promise of great reward.

I attended service on Easter Sunday at the Ames M. E. Church, and enjoyed an appropriate sermon by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Bristol. This church maintains free seats, and is said to be prospering. But how is this? Recently a gentlemanly colored young man, member of the Church, and a graduate from the N. O. University, entered the church during service on the Sabbath and quietly took a seat; he was soon requested by one of the trustees to leave the house. At another time a daughter of an ex-Lieut. Governor of the State, an educated and accomplished young lady, almost white, though permitted to remain during the session, was notified not to come again. Formerly, I understand, all the members of this church enjoyed equal privileges; the seats being free to all, but according to the new reform they will henceforth be free to whites only.

St. Lashby parish lies two hundred miles west from New Orleans. Rev. J. Matlock is presiding elder of that district. About two months ago the white Regulators concluded that a certain colored minister was getting too influential. They raided his house by night, and not finding him in, dragged out a white teacher in the public schools who chanced to be there, and gave him one hundred lashes on the bare back. Being in feeble health, he narrowly escaped with his life. Mr. Matlock had an appointment at New Iberie on the Sabbath. They notified him that he would preach there at his peril, and compelled him to leave the county. I met this gentleman in New Orleans, and learned these facts. Yet we are told the colored people are well treated, and that there is no cause for the exodus.

Of my six days' trip up the Mississippi river, through Missouri and Kansas, and of the wonderful climate and natural scenery of Colorado, I must wait to tell you when we meet, which I trust will be soon.

Manitou Springs, Col., May, 1880.

Our Book Table.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION, by John Cairnes, D. D., Macmillan & Co., New York, 8vo, \$2.00. For sale in Boston by N. J. Bartlett & Co. The eloquent "Chaplain of Her Majesty in Scotland" delivered the substance of this volume in Edinburgh, as the "Crown Lecture" for 1878-9. The treatise opens with an elaborate review of Spencer's theory of the Unknowable and the "relativity of knowledge." The author considers then the intuitive nature of religious knowledge, its authoritative nature and the necessity of religion, the proofs of God's existence, and the nature of religious consciousness. He then discusses the speculative idea of religion, the relation of the religious life to morality, and the relation of the philosophy to the history of religion. The scope of the work, it will be seen, is ample. The subject is treated in a vigorous and clear manner. Altogether the volume forms a valuable addition to our apologetic literature.

A new edition of Dr. Charles H. Johnson's *LECTURES TO PROFESSORS OF THEOLOGICAL STUDIES*, by John Cairnes, D. D., Leavitt, for the volume, *The Evangelist*, in 1856-7, has been published by E. J. Goodrich, 100 N. Ohio, and is for sale in Boston by S. C. Griggs & Co., 125 N. Broadway. These are incomparably the most impressive and instructive apologetic treatises ever prepared by any man, and to enter upon evangelistic work, that have been heard of. Each volume contains a series of lectures, delivered, and have also been published in distribution in a published form.

BIBLE HYGIENE, or Health by a Physician, Philadelphia: Press-Bankston, 16mo, price \$1.25. Book by Lee & Shepard. This excellent manual accomplishes two excellent purposes: it gives a series of most interesting health and then shows how they are suggested in the pages of Inspiration. The latter thought is a novel one, and is developed with much success. The author justifies his high opinion of his knowledge of man and his necessities.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, issue three very attractive little volumes of religious meditation—*MUSIC STARS*, or Names of Christ for the *Music Stars*; *LAURELS*, or Words of God; *NIGHT THOUGHTS*; and *MORNING THOUGHTS* for the Little One—all by that admirable and eminent spiritual writer, the late Frances Biddle (40 cents each).

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental—"The Voice of the Spring," by Th. Oesterlin, Op. 50, American Patrol, March, by W. J. Sudds, Op. 57; Glocken (Bells), for four hands, by John Joseph, Op. 58—Can You Tell Me Why? words by R. Latta, music by A. J. Alberg, Op. 59; A Dream, words by Edgar Allan Poe, music by Henry Pontet, Op. 60; Old Year, words by R. H. Maister, music by A. Scott Getty.

ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher
36 BROMFIELD ST.

years year, about 2,000 persons being present. Among them were President Hayes, with his daughter and two nieces, Secretary Schurz, and General Whittles, Secretary of the Indian Commission, from Washington, while Boston was represented by a select party, among them being Governor Tuley, ex-Governor Rice and Governor Tolson. The morning exercises were of a very interesting character, consisting of recitations by the senior, middle and Indian classes in the different branches pursued, inspection of the Indian boys in the workshops engaged in learning trades and of Indian girls in the wigwam at their sewing. After lunch the visitors gathered in Virginia hall where the literary exercises, consisting of essays, recitations, etc., took place, followed by common prayer, addresses by President Hayes and Secretary Schurz. The President, after brief congratulations to the graduating class, dwelt upon the noble and practical purposes to which the school was devoted, and of the happy solution of the difficult problem of how best to civilize and Christianize the colored and Indian races. He alluded to the pleasure which he had derived from a personal visit, and of his enjoyment of what he had been permitted to see on the present occasion. Secretary Schurz, alluding to the Indian question, characterized the statement that there were no good Indians but dead ones, as brutal. He was convinced of the possibility of training Indian youth in right habits, of instructing them in various and useful trades, and of elevating them to the rights and liberties of American citizens. Other gentlemen followed in brief words of congratulation and good wishes, and the occasion proved to be one of the most successful and stimulating that has ever occurred in this flourishing institution. General Armstrong, has abundant reason to rejoice at the high appreciation and prosperity which have crowned his labors.

N. E. METHODIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The regular May meeting of this newest of the societies for meeting all phases of Christian work, was held in the Committee Room of Wesleyan Building, May 17, Hon. Jacob Steiner in the chair. The work of completing the organization requiring the time, no special address was provided for this occasion. A code of by-laws was adopted, and all necessary arrangements to set the work in full motion. Friends of the cause everywhere are invited to join our ranks. We hope to have several hundred members by fall. A large number of names have already been proposed. Rev. W. Allen, of Malden, Mass., will be most happy to correspond with all inquirers into this subject, and we trust they will be many. He will also send any wishing them blank applications for membership with a copy of the constitution. A large number of valuable books, pamphlets, manuscripts, letters and relics have already been received, and the work in this department is progressing rapidly. The following are the names of the donors: Mr. W. Allen, of Malden, Mass., 38 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., any documents, printed or manuscript sermons, pamphlets, books, files of papers, letters or relics which might serve to illustrate the history of New England Methodism. They are too valuable for you to destroy, too burdensome for you to keep, perhaps. Send them where they may be accessible to all; when collected they would form an invaluable basis of historical writing or argument. The small sum of one dollar annually is all that is required of members. To accomplish the purposes of the society, members will be desired in every Methodist Church in New England and many out of it. Don't wait, dear brethren, for our invitation, but send your names to the corresponding secretary, and your documents and relics to the librarian. It is your cause, and now is the time to begin.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

New England Conference.—A letter from Dr. Butler, on the subject of a colored Bishop, was read, and remarks made upon it by Drs. Tutin, McKewen, Bates and Thayer. Dr. Thayer replied to the essay of Brother Lums. His speech was a masterly argument in the negative. He thought the mathematical argument of the essayist was not a fair one; that the doctrine of the end of probation was an end of progress was erroneous; that we have no status to warrant the assumption that God does not give our little ones the highest life without trial; and that to extend a probation beyond this life would be to remove one of the strongest barriers to sin. Discussion on future probation was made the order of the day for next Monday, at 11 a. m.

Personal.—Rev. C. H. Hanford, of Clinton, delivers the memorial address at South Royalton, May 31.

South Boston, Broadway.—The pastor, Brother Mansfield, received a royal welcome upon coming to this charge. He has also been a great impression upon his audience. He evidently grows continuously in his power.

Dorchester Street.—The pastor on short notice preached a very acceptable discourse before the G. A. R. He also delivered the lecture in the evening at Hyde Park to a packed house.

Egleston Square.—A series of extra services afternoon and evening were held last week, which awakened much interest in the locality. Sermons were preached by Revs. I. H. Thompson, Dr. A. McKewen, George Whitaker, L. D. Bragg, F. K. Stratton, L. B. Bates and A. Woods. We heard Dr. McKewen's discourse spoken of very highly. Rev. Alfred Woods and Miss Baker rendered excellent service in the singing. The special efforts of the week culminated in a prayer-meeting on Friday evening. Brother Couch is greatly beloved and is doing a noble work.

Fremont.—Rev. Josiah Higgins writes: "I sent more for missions this year than last, while my credit in the Minutes is \$6.50 less. Where is the money? The other items are correct for Chester."

The Y. M. C. A., of Lewiston, held its anniversary last Sabbath in the Pine Street Congregational Church. The reports made by several of the members of the association showed considerable activity and success the past year. Rev. I. Luce, of Park Street M. E. Church, delivered the address.

Rev. Mr. Bakeman, of the Baptist Church, Auburn, preached in the Hampshire St. M. E. Church last Sabbath afternoon for Brother Jones, who is delegate to General Conference.

Rev. C. M. Comstock, who was received on probation in our Conference last spring and stationed at Woodford, is winning favor with the people, and is temporarily supplying West End, Portland, till Brother Holmes graduates and takes the field.

A young people's prayer-meeting preceding the general prayer-meeting on Sunday evenings has been started in the M. E. Church, Saco, and a new interest is awakening among the

Waltham.—Brother Packard preaches the memorial discourse before the G. A. R., next Sunday morning.

Natick.—Miss Sarah C., daughter of Rev. Dr. Worcester, was last week (Wednesday) married from the parsonage to Mr. Orrin L. Woods, of Hopkinton, a gentleman of excellent character and promise. Long may they enjoy more than anticipated happiness!

Wakefield.—Twelve conversions are reported last week to gladden all hearts.

Clinton.—The Conference year opens grandly. The congregations are excellent. The increasing business of the town adds to the numbers. Souls are seeking their Saviour. The weekly offering, introduced this year, works grandly. Wednesday of last week the pastor invited the young people to the parsonage; about sixty came and enjoyed the evening exceedingly. The fruit of this gathering will long remain. The pastor, amid other labors abundant, is active in the temperance cause. Last Sabbath evening he addressed a union meeting of all the churches, and on Monday the Good Templars.

West Medway.—Rev. J. C. Smith read an excellent essay before the Sunday School Institute recently held at Milford.

Fitchburg.—Dr. J. H. Twombly was very kindly received, and enjoys the promise of a very prosperous year. The congregations are good, and social meetings are spiritual. A very enjoyable home has been secured for a parsonage. Next Sabbath the pastor will preach by invitation a memorial discourse before the Summer Post, G. A. R., No. 19.

Weston.—Last week Brother Adams received a grand reception visit at the parsonage. The singing of the occasion, the good cheer they brought, and the well-filled larder they left behind, added new sunshine to the parsonage. It will give even more to the hearts who brought them.

Graveland.—Brother Baird is doing heroic work in this feeble charge. He is appreciated and loved.

Newburyport, Washington Street.—A new day dawns. The church relieved, the congregation has doubled. The new pastor was warmly welcomed, and gives admirable satisfaction. The population of that part of the city increases, and a very hopeful future is before these long struggling brethren.

Chicopee.—Bro. Gould has gone to Clifton Springs, N. Y., for a short vacation where he derived a year ago so much help. He owes very much to the valuable treatment of that excellent institution, which the church shares as well for the preservation of this excellent minister.

Chicopee Falls.—The pastor is enjoying a vacation among old friends at Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Springfield, State Street.—Bro. Perrin delivered last Sabbath the second of a series of sermons to young people on "The Appeal of the Temperance Cause to Young Men." His candid views upon amusements have recently attracted special attention. Yet there is no doubt about him. Bro. J. S. Carr, one of the excellent officials of this church, met, May 17, a had though not serious accident. A bicycle frightened his horse, who threw him out, causing injuries about the head and face. He was taken up insensible. His horse fared worse and may have to be killed.

Dighton.—On the evening of May 10, Brother Evans and family were cordially greeted and successfully "pounded" by a pleasant company of his parishioners, who have also made them the grateful recipients of many favors. The year that opened favorably.

South Yarmouth.—The many friends of the pastor of the M. E. Church rarely unceremoniously invaded the parsonage on the evening of the 17th inst., to inflict upon the occupants, Rev. A. McCon and wife, a severe "pounding." But it was such a "pounding" as they found it easy to submit to. After a very pleasant and social time, the kind people went home, leaving behind them nearly one hundred pounds of the various good and useful things of this life—tokens of their esteem and good-will.

West Waterbury.—The complimentary notice of the Sabbath services at West Waterbury, April 25, in a recent number of the HERALD, under the signature of "W," was not furnished by Brother Whitman, the pastor. The notice is misleading, leaving upon the mind of the reader the impression that the sermon of Mr. Mann, who flourishes as the principal figure in the notice, was in connection with the quarterly meeting services. These were held at North Sidney in the forenoon and at West Waterbury in the afternoon. Mr. Mann, I am informed, preached in the Free Baptist church in the forenoon. Mr. Mann was employed about three years ago as pastor of the Methodist church at West Waterbury. The society endured his manners as long as they deemed endurance a virtue; and some months before the close of the year, at their request, he was dismissed by the Presiding Elder, Rev. E. Martin. A few months ago, the stewards were notified by a lawyer in Waterbury that a demand was sent to him, for collection, by Mr. Mann for his salary. The stewards declined to settle the bill. Mr. Mann represents himself as having great success in his pastoral work in Connecticut. Whether he takes with him his stallion, dog and boxing-gloves does not appear. The Methodist society at West Waterbury do not desire his services.

Berwick.—Sunday, May 9, five recently-converted persons were baptized by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Corey—two by sprinkling, and three by immersion. Several probationers were received into full membership. May 16, Berwick Methodism is greatly encouraged at the return of business prosperity to the village. The Nute Brothers have commenced work, after a suspension of over two years, in their large shoe factory, and the Methodists are rejoicing in view of better financial prospects.

Fremont.—Rev. Josiah Higgins writes: "I sent more for missions this year than last, while my credit in the Minutes is \$6.50 less. Where is the money? The other items are correct for Chester."

The Y. M. C. A., of Lewiston, held its anniversary last Sabbath in the Pine Street Congregational Church. The reports made by several of the members of the association showed considerable activity and success the past year. Rev. I. Luce, of Park Street M. E. Church, delivered the address.

Rev. Mr. Bakeman, of the Baptist Church, Auburn, preached in the Hampshire St. M. E. Church last Sabbath afternoon for Brother Jones, who is delegate to General Conference.

Rev. C. M. Comstock, who was received on probation in our Conference last spring and stationed at Woodford, is winning favor with the people, and is temporarily supplying West End, Portland, till Brother Holmes graduates and takes the field.

A young people's prayer-meeting preceding the general prayer-meeting on Sunday evenings has been started in the M. E. Church, Saco, and a new interest is awakening among the

young people, which is seen in a larger attendance at the class and prayer-meetings. The Conference has left a benediction on the church and community.

Rev. J. M. Woodbury has thrown himself fully into the work of endeavoring to place the old Scarborough circuit on its spiritual feet, and it is hoped that this old battle-ground will be redeemed from the blight under which it has been resting for years.

The Evangelist reports a good interest in Monmouth. Six have asked prayers within one week.

Anthony Comstock delivered his lecture on the "Criminal Literature of our Land," in Williston Church, Portland, last Sunday evening, to a crowded audience. Some of his facts are heart-sickening and startling.

EAST MAINE.

About \$600 have been secured for repairs on the Methodist church at Harrington. Work will commence about the first of June.

The brethren of East Maine, who are so soon to move, will do well to remember the Golden Rule. If they hope to find a good garden at their new homes, let them also make such for their successors.

RHODE ISLAND.

Greenwich Academy.—The school, with several of the professors, had a pleasant excursion to Rocky Point last Wednesday. The students filled three small yachts. The weather was delightful, the breeze good, and the spirits of all excellent. Rocky Point was looking its prettiest. The excursion season has not yet opened, and the grounds still retain the freshness of the spring verdure. The proprietors kindly allowed the students the freedom of the grounds and the use of the large dining hall for dinner. Prof. Eastman is slowly recovering. During his illness, L. W. Craig (Wesleyan '79) has been occupying his chair in the faculty. Mr. Craig goes to Benning Seminary next year as professor of Greek.

East Greenwich.—Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D., is to preach the annual sermon before the graduating class at the Seminary.

Central Falls.—Rev. A. N. Seavey has met with a cordial reception at this appointment, and is already deservedly popular. He delivers the annual sermon before the Grand Army on the 23d inst.

Your correspondent has been fishing. He took the 5 a. m. train from Providence, the 17th inst., and found himself at 4 p. m. in the pleasant village of Woodville, in Northern New Hampshire. Leaving there in company with three others the next morning at 3.30 o'clock, a drive of some twelve miles brought them to a mountain pond some 1,500 feet above the sea. This pond and a stream fed by it occupied their attention till 6.30 p. m. Result, 233 speckled beauties.

CONNECTICUT.

Thompsonville.—Rev. J. T. Benton, wife and daughter, have been spending a few days with friends and former parishioners at Thompsonville, greatly to the enjoyment of all. Brother Benton preached in the Methodist church on Sunday, May 16, with a great degree of unction and power. Father Lovejoy, also a former pastor, has been called here with his wife, by the death of a lovely grandchild. His presence is a benediction. After fifty-three years of active service in the ministry of the Gospel, he is still in the regular work and happy in holding forth the Word of life.

Brother Howson, who yet feels too young to be called "Father" Howson, though beloved and honored as a father, not only by the Methodist, but by all the churches in these parts, has just started with his wife for Minneapolis, Minn., to be absent for several months. They will be greatly missed in the church and in society, and the prayer of their many friends is that they may enjoy a pleasant visit and have a safe return to their Thompsonville home.

The new pastor of the Methodist church has received a hearty welcome to the place, and has an encouraging prospect of success in the work before him.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Glenning.—Mrs. Jane M. Nutter, wife of the late Rev. Henry Nutter, of the M. E. Church, died at her home in Rochester, April 27, aged 73 years. Mrs. Nutter was a sister of Mrs. Allen Wilson, of Nashua, a well-known, active member of the Main Street M. E. Church, and was a most estimable Christian lady. She had been a long time an invalid and able to go about all little.

We were placed on passing a Sabbath rest at Epping—an old field of labor—to find so good a state of things in the M. E. Church. The church property has been much improved, and the society now own a beautiful parsonage. The pastor, Rev. J. Thurston, is universally held in high esteem, and all the interests of the church are advancing under his administration. The Episcopal church is now closed, and members of that parish worship with the Methodists and feel quite at home.

Rev. J. S. Bean, formerly a member on trial of the Louisiana Conference, and president for a time of the New Orleans University, returned some time since with broken health to his old home in Concord. He has united with the Baker Memorial Church. His health continues very feeble, but he has been long to be again at work. It is his desire to resume his work of teaching in the South if he becomes able.

Rev. P. Pike, D.D., has returned from his visit to Cincinnati, where he was called as a member of the Ecumenical Conference. He visited Washington both going and returning. He comes home in good health, and has entered upon his first quarter's work. His first presiding elder's visit was made May 16, to Londonderry, where, owing to the continued illness of Rev. E. P. DeLorm, the church functioned for a time without a pastor.

R. T. Booth, the temperance worker, has lately held meetings for two weeks in Newport, which were very successful. Prior to his coming an uncommon interest had been awakened in the cause of temperance by union meetings which were held, and in which the local clergy and others were earnest participants. The temperance people were successful in securing an overwhelming majority at the March town meeting, in opposition to the sale of lager beer. The way being prepared for Mr. Booth, the work as conducted by him went grandly on. About one thousand persons signed the pledge during the meetings, and still they come. The rum traffic in the village is nearly extinct, and it is confidently expected that it will soon be entirely so. Mr. Booth received the cordial and earnest co-operation of the clergymen and very many of the leading citizens of the place. An organization is being effected, that the signers of the pledge may be kept to the end of the work perfected. Mr. Booth is a remarkable success as a temperance speaker and worker, and will long have a warm place in the hearts of the Newport people. Those who employ him may feel safe, as he possesses the combination of good sense and earnest piety.

Business Notices.

Drs. Strong's Remedial Institute, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

This popular Winter and Summer health resort is beautifully located, and is furnished with every comfort and remedial appliance requisite for the treatment of Nervous, Lung, Female and Chronic diseases. It is patronized by leading men in church and state. For full particulars, send for circular.

ZION'S HERALD may be found on file at G. P. ROWELL & CO'S, Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., where advertising contracts, may be made for it in New York.

Sufferers from Coughs or Colds will find relief by using Porter's Cough Balsam.

Yuba-Wanna

Will positively produce a perfect Head of Hair upon Bald Heads, where the hair follicles are not utterly gone. It cures itching, dandruff, eczema, itches, and has been used with water success as a very effective preparation for the head or scalp in the nineteenth century, giving the beautiful head of hair. Sold by all Druggists. Depot 31 Central wharf, Boston.

Humor of the Stomach.

Much of the distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia, chronic diarrhea and other causes is occasioned by humor in the stomach. Several cases of all the characteristics of these complaints, have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Other cures effected by this medicine are so wonderful that the simplest statement of them affords the best proof that it combines rare curative agents and when once used secures the confidence of the people.

THE DOCTORS YIELDING.

Ever since Prof. Green wrote to the Medical Record advising physicians everywhere to use the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure in their practice, it has been gaining in favor with the profession. They can find nothing which is a substitute for it. R. C. Caution, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., says he would not practice with a kidney or liver ailment without the use of this medicine.

B. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y.: GENTLEMEN: I have tried your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for "Bright's Disease," with which I have been afflicted for the last two years, and it has done wonders for me. I believe it is the only cure known for that terrible disease, and it is with pleasure that I write this testimony in its favor. You are at liberty to use this in any way you see proper, to benefit suffering humanity.

Truly yours, JAS. S. PRESCOTT, North Salem, O. Shaker's Society, Cuyahoga Co., Cleveland, O.

A fretful mother and cross child indicates ill health, requiring only Hop Bitters to remove. See notice.

Rheumatism comes from inactive kidneys. Hop Bitters never fails to cure it. Read advt.

New Hampshire Returns.

A new Hampshire lady writes: Mother has been afflicted with Bright's Disease. Last spring she was very bad, and had an alarming pain and numbness in one side. Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely cured her.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.
East Maine Conference, Bangor, Me., June 3-10
Last Sunday Commencement, June 10-16
Yarmouth Camp-meeting, Aug. 10-23
Portland Camp-meeting, Aug. 10-23
South Portland Camp-meeting, Aug. 10-23
Winthrop Camp-meeting, Aug. 10-23
Holding Camp-meeting, E. Epping, Aug. 20-Sept. 4

Organization, Thursday, June 2, 3 p. m.
PREACHING: Thursday evening, W. D. Malcom; alt., N. C. Alger. Friday evening, C. A. Cressey; alt., W. Spencer.

Sabbath School: What Ought Pastors to Read? Bruce; Crowley, J. H. Windsor; Mutual Relations and Duties of Presiding Elders and Pastors, D. J. Smith; Spinner, J. T. Davis; Ministerial Privileges, C. E. Rogers; Mowry; Church Finances, J. H. Brown; Folsom; Cairns; How to Render Camp-meetings More Useful; Russell, N. Fisk; Barrows; Lessons of the Psalms; Heath; Spencer; Buffum; Prevaling Prayer, Dickinson, C. J. Fowler; Dodd; Methodist Forty Years Ago; Marshall; Patten; Moore.

SKETCHES: 2 Tim., 2:15; McLaughlin, Evans (Cal.); 10 a. m.; 1 Tim., 1:11; 23, Pastor at East Lyndon, Vt.; Tobbetts; Matt., 26; Currier, Byrne, Cressey; Rev. 7; 13, 14, A. B. Russell, Eaton, J. W. Adams, for Com.

KENT'S HILL—FIFTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE, June 1 and 2, 1880—Annual Meeting, Tuesday, June 1, 10 a. m. Prize Declinations and Readings, June 1, 10 a. m. Anniversary of the Seminary, June 1, 7 p. m. Anniversary of the College, June 2, 10 a. m. Commencement, June 2, 10 a. m. Address by Rev. George M. Steele, D. D., L. L. D., William, Mass. Business Meeting directly after the oration. Annual Meeting of the Honorary Branch of the Alumni, June 2, 10 a. m. Commencement Concert, vocal and instrumental, June 2, 10 a. m. Commencement, June 2, 10 a. m. Exhibition and Commencement, Thursday, June 3, at 7.30 p. m. Alumni Reunion, Thursday, June 3, at 7.30 p. m.

PREACHERS' MEETING.—The Ministerial Association of the Southern District will meet at Portland, Monday evening, June 1. Sermon by Rev. J. S. Little. The meeting is to continue through the following Wednesday.

PROGRAME.
Tuesday, 9 a. m., Philosophy of Reform, Perry, Walter, Todd; 10 a. m., Revivals—Why Followed by Religious Decisions? Bennett, Clay; 11 a. m., The Church—How to be a Church, Bartlett; 11 a. m., Sermon, Johnson or Sweet; 2.30 p. m., Wesleyan and Episcopal Methodism—Their Distinctive Features and Merits—T. P. Frost, Hamilton, Mack; 4.30 p. m., Ancient and Modern Church History—P. M. Frost, Gillis, Sherburne; 7.30 p. m., Sermon, Wright or Sherburne.

Wednesday, 9 a. m., Christian Citizenship and Jesus Christ, Wright, Enright, Howard; 9 a. m., The Gospel and the Death Penalty for Crime, Hough, G. E. Smith, Trux; 10 a. m., The Moral and Social Condition of the People—Flowers; 11 a. m., The General Conference of 1880, H. A. Spencer; 2 p. m., Sermon, Hale or Maxham; 3.30 p. m., Perils of the Church, Sweet, Rockwell, Davenport; 4.30 p. m., Preaching to the Children—How and How Often? Knapp, Reynolds, Bryant; 7.30 p. m., Children's Meeting, Speakers—Hamilton, C. W. Smith, J. E. Knapp, A. S. Maxham.

CLERGY, for Committee.
THE EASTERN CON. MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet at Bangor, June 21-23. [Programme next week.]

NORTH BOSTON DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING at Townsend, Mass., June 15 and 16. [Programme next week.]

E. MAINE CONFERENCE—RAILROAD AND ANNUAL MEETING.—Arrangements have been made with the E. and N. A. and Piscataquis Roads, and with the Sanford Line of Steamers to carry visitors to Conference for one fare. Passes apply for "excursion tickets" when buying in order to get the benefit of this arrangement.

The Maine Central R. R. will take passengers to the Conference at Bangor for one fare for the round trip. Tickets to be had at the stations.

W. W. MARSH.
EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—The Class of the Fourth Year will meet the Committee in the vestry of the Union Street Church, Wednesday, June 2, at 10 a. m.

CHANGE OF PLACE.—The Montpelier District Preachers' Meeting announced to be held at Barre, June 5 and 6, will be held at Plainfield at the time. A District Stewards' Meeting, for Montpelier District is called at Plainfield, June 2, at 1 o'clock p. m. Please let there be a full attendance.

CHESTER TADOR, for the Com.

NATURE'S REMEDY.
VEGETINE
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
WILL CURE
Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples or Humor in the Face, Coughs and Colds, Ulcers, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Pain in the Side, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Dizziness, Headache, Nervousness, Pain in the Back.
Faintness at the Stomach, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness and General Debility.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

Silver Lake Grove,
ON THE LINE OF THE
OLD COLONY RAILROAD,
The Leading Picnic
Grounds of New
England.

Area of Lake, 5 square miles.
Area of Grove, 70 Acres.
30 Acres of Forest Trees enclosed.
Surrounded by Hills, Valleys, and Lake.
Circumference of Lake, 7 miles.

SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS TAKE THE PARTIES AND FROM THE GROVE.

For further particulars apply to
JACOB SPRAGUE, Jr., Gen. Pass. Agt.
Old Colony Railroad,
South and Kneeland Streets Boston.

WALNUT
Chamber Sets
From \$45 to \$150,
FOR FULL SET OF TEN PIECES.
20 DIFFERENT PATTERNS,
ALL NEW STYLES.
DRESS CASE,
ITALIAN MARBLE
FRENCH PANELS.

B. P. Cunningham & Co.,
512 Washington Street.
CHARLES H. BARNES.

THE Bible Reader's Commentary

THE NEW TESTAMENT, in Two Volumes. Vol. I, The Fourfold Gospel. Vol. II, The Acts, the Epistles, and the Revelation.

WITH THE TEXT ARRANGED IN SECTIONS.
Brief Readings and Complete Annotations, selected from "The Choice and Best Observations" of more than Four Hundred Eminent Christian thinkers of the Past and Present.

With 108 Illustrations, Maps, and Diagrams.
PREPARED BY
J. GLENTWORTH BUTLER, D. D.

Price, per vol., in cloth, \$5.00; sheep, \$6.00; half-morocco, \$7.00.

From the Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, Bishop of Central New York.

"I am thankful for an opportunity to recommend this remarkable work by Dr. Butler to everybody with whom my words can have the least weight. I think that the book is one of the most valuable of our time. It is difficult to think of any class of minds too high or too low to be quickened and instructed by it."

"The plan is original and peculiar. It is as if the Editor had said of every passage or text in the whole New Testament, not 'What shall I say about it?' but 'What are the best, deepest, brightest, clearest thoughts that have been expressed and written down respecting it, or suggested by it, within the range of four hundred and thirty of the ablest scholars and divines, speaking English or translating it into English, living or dead, on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean?' and had gathered these thoughts in a natural and logical order on the pages of his book. This in fact is what has been done. It is done with vast pains and patience, with great care and discrimination in the selection, with excellent taste, with a fine appreciation of whatever is true or striking in logic, and strong or beautiful in style."

From the Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS, D. D., President of Union Theological Seminary, New York.

"I could not, by any variety of words, more honestly or more satisfactorily express my opinion of Dr. Butler's Commentary than in the well-considered language of Bishop Huntington, which I beg permission to make my own."

From the Rev. R. S. STORRS, D. D., Bishop Huntington expresses, with characteristic and happy emphasis, the judgment which I think all who intelligently examine Dr. Butler's Commentary will form of his plan, and of its general execution."

From NOAH PORTER, D. D., President of Yale College.

"I find the plan to be unlike that of any other with which I am acquainted, and the execution very successful. I am confident that it will take its place with students by the side of the ordinary commentary, and will be esteemed a very valuable addition to the religious reading of Christian families."

From the Rev. HOWARD CROSBY, D. D.

"With admirable judgment Dr. Butler has produced a commentary combining variety of authorship with unity of treatment. The old and the latest writers are equally brought into requisition, and always with the discriminating taste of a scholar. The work will be of permanent value."

"The publishers have similar testimonials of approval from numerous other distinguished scholars and divines. A full description circular, with a great number of their testimonials appended, will be sent on application."

For sale by all booksellers or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.
D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers.
1, 3, & 5 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

DR. DIO LEWIS' SANITARIUM,
At Arlington Heights (8 miles from Boston, Mass.)
No point on this coast are there such delightful resources for pleasure and health. Send for full circular.

CROWD OUT THE "DIME NOVEL."</

The Family.

BLIND.

BY CLARA REMIS.

Then Jesus called His twelve disciples unto Him, and said, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, where all that prophets have foretold shall be fulfilled." None knew whereof He spake, for it was hid from them; but simply trusting Him. For all things that should be, they followed Him. I think all nature must have worn a smile of gladness on that day; the smallest bird have caroled forth its heaven-taught song of joy; With quiet, folded arms the trees have bowed in adoration as the Lord passed by. And everywhere came weary souls for whom No rest had ever come, and empty hands stretched out towards Him who never turned away. From lowliest prayers.

But in the midst of all This harmony, beside the way there sat A beggar, blind. No hint of beautiful things E'er reached his sightless eyes; no ray of light Had ever rent the deep, black veil that wrapped His dusky folds about his life and made His day as dark as starless night. But from Afar the sound of coming feet was borne To him, and set his heart a-quivering. For fear, the while he asks, "What means the crowd? Oh, is there danger near?" Then one replied, "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by." Amid the throng none saw the look of joy That flashed across his face, none knew the thrill Of hope that leaped within his breast, for each Intent upon his own designing plans Paid little heed. They heard his cry, "O Christ, Hear Thou my prayer!" And one, the foremost of them all, rebuked the man, and bade him hold His peace.

But sooner might the wildwood flower Refuse to blossom when the spring-time comes, Or singing bird forget its song, than that These darkened years should fail to find their voice. And all the stifled moaning of his life, The longing and the waiting for a joy That never came, burst forth in that one long And pleading cry, "O Son of David, have Thou mercy now on me!"

Above the noise And tumult of the multitude, the prayer Reached Jesus' ears. And suddenly a hush Fell o'er the crowd, and even Nature held Her breath as Jesus said, "Bring him to Me." Obdient to His call, with trembling steps He came, and at the Saviour's feet bowed low. Could he have seen the smile that shone upon Christ's face, and known 'twas meant for him, it would Have struck within his heart so grand a chord As would have filled his darkest day with light.

Sweet joy, He heard the low, clear voice demand, "What wilt thou I should do?" And all his fear Departed then, and he replied, "O Lord, If but I may receive my sight!"

On his drooping head lay the Master's hand, Through the dusk of his life-long night, E'en as sunlight scatters the mist away, Shone the welcome, "Receive thy sight!" As the rosy dews of the morn'g swing wide At the touch of the king of day, So the shrouded eyes felt the hand divine, And the shadows were rolled away.

Then the sun's barred windows were open thrown, And the light from the Saviour's face Such a glorious gleam through the darkness sent, As no sorrow could ever efface.

WORD-PICTURES FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY MISS ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

II.

Shift the scenes, O Muse of History! We have watched the growth of our mother-tongue from its birth in an Eastern clime in the by-gone ages, down through its infancy, childhood and youth, till it stands before us in the fullness of maturity. Show us now its cradle-guards, its wise and patient leaders, the companions of its prime.

The monastery of Whitby, washed by the stormy waters of the German Ocean, was the cradle of English poetry, and Caedmon, an ignorant but devout monk, was our first poet. Side by side with Whitby we must place Winchester, the birth-place of English prose; and Alfred the Great, wisest of the Saxon monarchs, stands first among the writers of that age, both as composer and translator.

For more than a century after the Norman-French conquest, nothing worthy a place in literature was written in the language of the English people. At last, Layamon, "the first of the new singers," broke the spell of silence, and translated from the French the stories of Brutus, the traditional founder of the line of British monarchs. The work deserves a place among our pictures because from its tales of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, Spenser and Tennyson drew materials, the one in the sixteenth century for the "Faerie Queene," the other in our day for the "Idylls of the King."

A little later, Langland attempted to

reform evils in Church and State by "The Vision of Piers Ploughman." With the middle of the fourteenth century, we come to one who has been fitly called the "morning-star of English poetry."

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefied, On Fame's eternal head-roll worthy to be fied."

He was the first who made the love of nature a distinct element in our poetry, and the genuine student will always say with Coleridge, "I take increasing delight in Chaucer."

In 1380, Caedmon's metrical paraphrase of the Bible was followed by the first complete translation of the Bible into English. "Out of Wickliffe's rectory at Lutterworth, seeds were to be borne upon the wind which would abide in the earth till they sprang up into the stately growth of other centuries." "Thirty years after his death, a decree was issued that his remains should be disinterred and burned." This was done, and the ashes were cast into a little brook that carried them into the Avon; "the Avon carried them into the Severn, and the Severn into the narrow seas that part England and Ireland; thence they passed into the broad ocean, and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are become an emblem of his doctrine which is disseminated through the world."

In 1474, the art of printing was introduced into England, and Wm. Caxton printed the first English book, a small volume entitled, "The Game of Chess." This increased facility for the multiplication of books made them cheaper, and, a little later, a copy of Tyndale's Translation of the New Testament was placed in each parish church. In 1585, Miles Coverdale completed the first printed copy of the English Bible.

Yet once more shift the scenes. A fairer, grander picture moves slowly into view; it glows with brighter colors than those which have preceded, for the Elizabethan age marks a new era in English literature. Its lesser figures would be noteworthy in other times, but are so eclipsed by its one splendid triad, that we can do little more than mention them. Sir Philip Sidney, courteous and noble in life, heroic in death, still speaks in his chosen motto: "I am an Italian and make one." Hooker, in his "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," ponderous as it now seems, yet gives us the "first splendid literary prose." The grave of England's third poet-laureate, in Westminster Abbey, bears the simple inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson."

But Spenser, Shakespeare and Bacon are the leading writers of this era. We speak the name of Edmund Spenser, and we think of the "Faerie Queene." We remember little of the political intriguing of the man, of his residence—the gift of the Queen—among a hostile people, of the mournful tragedy which hastened his death; but Una and the Red-Crosse Knight will ever stand as symbols of religion and holiness. And yet Macaulay's words are true: "One unparelleled fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the 'Faerie Queene.' We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the volume." Yet there are snatches here and there which fix themselves in the mind of the reader. Note this, for instance:—

"Who never would, could never, Will to might gives greatest aid."

Perhaps no other writer has attained to such political rank as Lord Francis Bacon. We associate his name with Pope's description of the man: "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." "A native courtier, a devotee of royalty," a leader in the House of Commons, made Solicitor-General, then Attorney-General, and at last Lord Chancellor, he valued his success but as the means which should enable him to better pursue his philosophical studies. The methods of scientific research which he brought into use, overturned all previous processes of investigation. He is best known, however, by his essays; to be unacquainted with these, is to lack one of the elements of a liberal education. But "the great apostle of experimental philosophy was destined to be his martyr." Riding in his carriage in a snow-storm, it occurred to him that snow might serve as well as salt for preserving flesh. To test his theory, he stopped at a cabin by the roadside and bought a fowl, that he might try the experiment. He received a chill from the slight exposure which threw him into a violent and fatal fever.

So long as the English language is spoken, so long as Shylocks among men clamor for revenge, as ambitious Macbeths secure their own advance-

ment at the price of their country's ruin, as noble minds become like "Sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh," so long will the quiet village of Stratford-on-Avon be a goal for pilgrim feet, and the grave of William Shakespeare in its modest church be a shrine for the reverent of all lands.

What though Ben Jonson says of him, "He had small Latin and less Greek," we know him thoroughly conversant with three books—the Bible, the book of nature, and the book of man. The "myriad-minded, the thousand-souled," he "is of no age. He speaks a language which thrills in our blood in spite of the separation of two hundred years, . . . and his genius may be contemporary with the mind of every generation for a thousand years to come." The names of the works that have rendered him famous are household words; quotations from them are daily and hourly on our lips: "The quality of mercy is not strained." "To be or not to be—that is the question." "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces." First among uninspired writings, as being in the purest English and supplying most food for thought, we must class the works of "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child." To supplement Shakespeare seems scarcely possible, and yet in "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke gives us charming sketches of the probable childhood of Portia, the heiress of Belmont, Lady Macbeth, the Thane's Daughter, Ophelia, the White Rose of Elinore, and other characters of the poet's creation.

Lo, a prison scene! We stand in the presence of one whose words echoing through the clamor of two centuries, are clear and strong as when first uttered. On his humble pallet here in Bedford jail, the poor tinker is dreaming his immortal dream. No less real to his vision than his genius has made them to ours, are the Wicket Gate, the Mountains of Benbulbin, the Delectable Land. Fain would we thank thee, O John Bunyan, for thy Christian's journey. It has cheered the weariness and peril of many a pilgrim's progress; it has nerved many an arm in its conflict with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation; it has strengthened many a weary traveler as his feet touched the cold waters of the river, and shining ones sent "to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," have taught us that it is not all a dream.

Contemporary with Bunyan is Milton, "the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty." It is curious to note the conflicting opinions of Milton and his work. Waller, now an almost unknown writer, says: "The old, blind poet hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man. If its length be not considered as a merit, it hath no other." Addison writes: "The first place among English poets is due to Milton." Goldsmith: "There is no force in his reasonings, no eloquence in his style, no taste in his compositions." Cowper: "Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of Paradise Lost?"

While the critics are discussing the glorious work of the blind poet, Newton studies nature's immutable laws. Addison, master of polished English, writes:—

"The spacious firmament on high, And all the blue ethereal sky, With spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim."

Watts, talking in poetry from his childhood, in spite of parental opposition, in spite of self, even, "yet speaketh," as we sing,—

"From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise."

Dear to many a heart are childhood memories of voices, cracked and broken, it may be, that sang to us in the quaint old fugue tune:—

"There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain."

Amid our tears, we echo the refrain, while we rejoice that

"God is the refuge of his saints."

A little later, Charles Wesley, "the sweet singer" of our Israel, writes his matchless hymns, and to-day the Church universal longs with him for

"A thousand tongues to sing His great Redeemer's praise;"

and triumphantly exclaims,—

"One family we dwell in Him, One church above, beneath."

"One army of the living God, At His command we bow, Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now."

Swift, "the most unhappy man on earth," lives his proud, sad life, pens his scathing sarcasms, and dies his pitiable death, hopelessly insane, en-dowing in his will a hospital for idiots and incurable madmen. De-foe, in Robinson Crusoe, founds the

English novel. Dryden, a political turncoat, becomes poet-laureate, dies, and is buried in the poet's corner, by the side of Chaucer. Here, in poverty and obscurity, lives one who ex-cels in "dignity, tenderness and grace;" there is a world of pathos in the notice of his death in the register of the parish church: "Philip Massinger—a stranger." Lamb, genial essayist, but echoes the un-spoken thought of many hearts as he writes: "My household idols plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood." Coleridge: "All that he did excellently, could be bound in twenty pages; but it should be bound in pure gold." Byron—a mighty genius, his life is a series of mistakes. Shelley, young and talented, is drowned near Pisa. His grave at Rome bears the touch-ing inscription, "Cor cordium" ("Heart of hearts").

Lo! the shadows fall athwart the canvas, and the pictures fade from view. Yet it requires no magician's wand to bid them brighten again be-fore our eyes. It may not be our lot to lock the heather on the shores of Loch Katrine, or the ivy from the mouldering Coliseum wall; to gather flowers from the eternal snows of the Grindelwald glacier, or fragments of precious stones from the crumbling pavement of a Caesar's palace. It may be ours, if we but will it, to gather richer treasures for the mind and heart, to view world-wide land-scapes, to talk with the great and wise of the by-gone ages. "The noblest study of mankind is man." The paintings of the "old masters" may never delight our eyes, but a lit-tle effort will enable us to behold masterpieces of the divine Artist, made in His image.

THE WINDMILL.

Behold, a giant am I!
Alot here in my tower.
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, the wheat and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling aloft my arms.
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails,
Far off from the threshing-floors,
In barns with their open doors,
And the miller stands by my sails,
Londer and londer roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whickee way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master the miller stands,
And feeds me with his hands,
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

H. W. Longfellow.

"LOOK TO HIM."

BY REV. J. T. BROWNELL.

I once made the trip from Shaffer Farm to Titusville by rail. I have never been moved to repeat the experi-ment. It was an oil train, and was run for the accommodation of the company rather than for that of the traveling public. Tickets, however, were sold at full rates, and thus pro- vision was made for all who desired to travel that way. But there was no caboose attached to the train. The cars were loaded with barrels of crude oil, and our highest accommodations for the trip were the car roofs.

It was in the midst of dog days, and in the middle of the afternoon. There were some seventy-five or a hundred of us passengers, men and boys, sprawling upon the roofs of those horrid cars, as the train went thundering up the ravine, squirming through those short and rapid curves like a wounded snake. A perfect hurricane of mingled smoke and ashes and cinders, swept over us, and I might say through us, as we clutched at our hats and one another, and longed for Titusville.

In the midst of the dire confusion, I caught the scent of linen on fire. Somebody's clothes must be burning. I raised my head and looked around as best I could with both eyes shut. My partners in distress were bending every energy, each one for himself, to the solution of the difficult prob-lem—how not to be jerked and rat-tled off the car-roof. I lifted up my voice and cried with all my might, "Somebody's clothes are on fire!" No one heeded it. I cried again, louder if possible, and more frantic than before, "I tell you, somebody's clothes are on fire!" At this point, a burly fellow, lying at full length and gripping the edges of the car roof with both hands, while the sweat rolled profusely from every pore of his genial face, shouted back, "Mebbe you'd better look to hum!" I did "look to hum," to find the handkerchief in the side pocket of my linen duster all on fire and just burst-ing into flames.

I respect that stranger's memory. His name I never knew; but the image of his honest face, broiling in the intolerable heat and begrimed

with mingled sweat and smoke-stack cinders, remains with me, and will remain forever. He taught me a lesson never to be forgotten. I trust I shall never fail to exercise a proper care for the welfare of others. But whenever the spirit within me is moved to utter the word of warning or rebuke, the image of that face rises before me, and I seem to hear the voice, "Mebbe you'd better look to hum!" It's a good thing to do. Try it, my brother. It may not always be pleasant. Generally not. But it is, at least, safe.

The Little Folks.

MY CHICKENS.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

They are running all about me as I sit out here under this old apple-tree writ-ing.

Far away overhead is the blue sky, while just above me is a wilderness of apple-blossoms. There is the delicious May-fragrance in the air, and oh, how the birds are singing! But I commenced to tell you about my chickens.

If any of the little folks that read the HERALD live on a farm, they will think I have taken a great deal of trouble to write about a very simple thing, so they need not read this, but leave what fol-lows for the poor little country-folks who know very little about country liv-ing in general, or farm-life in particu-lar.

But I'll tell you just here that I know not very much about a farm myself, having lived on one only a year. In that time, however, I have been initiated into some of its mysteries and a great many of its pleasures.

There! I have just let the old mother- hen out of her coop, and away she goes, so delighted to be out, followed by her brood of nineteen chicks. It is a large family for her to look after, but the mother-instinct guides her to care for them all. Now she is scratching in the dirt, hunting for worms to give her little chickie-biddies; and now, with that peculiar "cluck" which they all understand, she calls them about her and tosses out the dainty morsel.

Three times a day I feed them—once in the morning while the dew is on the grass, and while you, city youngsters, are in bed, and then again at noon and at night. From a long distance they see me coming, and flock out to meet me with such a warm welcome that I can with difficulty keep from crushing them under my feet. I feel confident they have never been taught that it is ill-man- nered to eat in haste, or that self-shin- ds is a very ugly trait; but they are only poor, ignorant little chickens and will never know any better. Two or three months from now they will be large enough to sell, and then I shall have to part with them, so that some one in the city may be served with broiled chicken. I shall be sorry to have them leave me, but I must yield to the inevitable. Aside from the large brood of chickens, I have some few, large hens, which give me much pleasure also. It is so nice to hunt for their new-laid eggs and to find them, warm and white, in their nests of wholesome hay. A few years ago I saw nothing interesting about a poultry-yard; but now I am a very enthusiastic woman on the subject, and expect to know a great deal about it a year from this time.

And now, children, if you are fortu- nate enough to live where you have a yard-room, persuade mamma and papa to let you keep a few chickens. You will find "lots of fun" in it, and, perhaps, in a year, it might yield you considerable pocket-money. After awhile I may tell you whether my poultry venture is a success financially.

But the principal thought, after all, is this: One can find pleasure anywhere if he is looking out for it. If you are de- nied the privileges that belong to a home in the city, make the best use you can of the numberless advantages that are to be found in the country. Enjoy the great, glorious sky, and the beautiful, green-growing world about you. Ac- quaint yourself with all the trees in the forests, and the wild flowers that bloom in the woods. Be familiar with the song of every bird that sings and every sound that the summer brings with it. In this way, wherever you live, you will find endless sources of pleasure, and will bless God for making your home in this world so beautiful.

THE POWER OF GOD.

In one of the hospitals of Edinburgh, lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told that he must die. He had a contempt for death, and prided himself on his fearlessness in facing it.

A rough and wicked life, with none but evil associates, had blunted his sen- sibilities, and made profanity and scorn his second nature. To hear him speak one would have thought he had no piously-nurtured childhood to remem- ber, and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle-hearted man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind inquiries, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid him no attention or respect. He bluntly told him that he did not want any religious conversation.

"You will let me pray with you, will you not?" said the man at length. "No; I know how to die without the help of religion." And he turned his face to the wall.

Further conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence, he began to sing the old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every congregation in Scotland:—

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice, and the words and melody were sweet and

touching as he sung them. Pretty soon the soldier turned his face again, but its hardened expression was all gone. "Who taught you that?" he asked, when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her." And there were tears in the man's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping, and with a hungry heart, he listened to the Chris- tian's thoughts of death, and in his last moments to his mother's God and the sinner's Friend.

For Young and Old.

Only Fan.

.... Made of awl work—shoes.

.... "You just take a bottle of my medi- cine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

.... A husband telephoned to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came: "Buckwheat cakes and measles."

.... "I'm afraid that bed is not long enough for you," said a landlord to a seven-foot guest. "Never mind," he replied. "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."

.... "Lady—" "Four of those chairs which I so lately purchased of you are broken." "Up-holstery—" "Indeed, madam! The only way in which I can account for that is that some one must have been sitting on them."

.... A little boy was walking with his mamma, and there fell from above on his head an avalanche of soot, blown by the wind from a neighboring chimney. "Holloa!" cried he, quite astonished. "Some nigger snow!"

.... Bertie had half a biscuit buttered, and a whole one unbuttered. He gave Grace the whole one and kept the buttered one. The remark being made about his giving away the larger piece, Grace said: "Yes, he gave me the biggestest, but he kept the butterest himself."

.... A minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-herder, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir," was the reply. "Well," quoth the minister, "I thought it had been more." "It's never any more here," said the boy. "It just begins at one again."

.... Mamma seeks to console her crying child, "Why do you cry, John? What has hurt you?" "Mamma (and he cries more lustily than ever), yesterday I fell down and hurt myself." "Yesterday?" Then why do you cry to-day?" "Oh! because you were not at home yesterday."

.... A man who was being talked to death, recently asked the man who was at work on him with his wind-mill a little conundrum. Said he: "What chemical vessel do I re-sent?" "A retort," said his tormentor. "Not at all," said the victim. "An ex-pul-sor." "No, sir; no. I'm an expelled receiver."

.... "You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent. "But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I am sure she dresses as pretty as ever I did, and she has lots of toys." "I cannot help that, my dear," replied the foolish mother, "her father is a shoemaker." "But I don't play with her father, I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

.... "Did you make the train?" "No, it was made in the car-shops." "I mean did you catch the train?" "Of course not. It's not infectious." "Well, my Solon, did you arrive at the depot?" "Yes, and did you get the car?" "Yes; and did you get the board?" "Alas! I do not keep a boarding-house."

Gems of Religious Thought.

The surface troubles come and go
Like ruffles of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but Thee.—Anon.

.... Life is not done, and our Christian char- acter is not won, so long as God has anything left for us to suffer, or anything left for us to do.—F. W. Robertson.

.... The noblest spirits are those that turn to heaven, not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy. Like the late, close they are able to disperse that they may soar into their nat- ural element.

.... When difficulties multiply, and means fail, and creatures say, help is not in me, then by faith we must lay hold of the strength of God, and remember that he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.—Jay.

.... So overwhelming are my convictions of the immeasurably superior importance of that higher knowledge, the faith which is the fountain of Immanuel's love, that sooner than consent to withhold it for an hour from the famishing millions of India, or of any other land in de- fiance to the noxious theories of certain pro- pagandists of the present day, I would lay down my head upon the block, or commit this body to the flames.—Alexander Duff.

God, make us brave to meet each loss
Without a sigh;
To do our work and bear our cross,
Nor question why.

He knows the secret of our ways,
And what is best;
The long, dark sorrows pass with praise,
And lead to rest.

.... We who acknowledge Christ as our Master are to have a greater and more com- fort than men coming to Him, as other people who do not call Him their Lord can never do. As my dearest friend and most trusted friend can do no harm to-morrow on the street and can keep other people from knowing me and from trust- ing me as no other man who is not openly and declaredly my friend can do, so we who call ourselves Christ's disciples can keep the souls of men from Him with an interference that is peculiarly our own. It seems to me that if we realized such a critical power in our position, it might well deepen the responsibility of our life and make us a great deal better and more thorough Christians.—Philip Brooks.

.... Meditate long, meditate humbly on what is to have a Creator, and comfort will come at last. If broad daylight should never be yours on this side the grave, He will hold your feet in the twilight that they shall not stumble, and at last, with all the more love, and all the more speed as well, He will fold you to His bosom, who is Himself the Light Eternal.—F. W. Faber.

.... Learn to entwine with your prayers the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you—be it a changed lock, an altered tone, an un- kind look, a wrong, a demand, you cannot meet, a change you cannot meet, a sorrow you cannot disclose—turn it into prayer, and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Man may be too little for your great matters; God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.—Wasson.

The Song of the Redeemed.
My steps, victorious,
My path, all glorious,
Coming to Thee, O Christ,
I come to Thee!

In garments of whiteness,
Fuller of brightness
Than noonday sun,
To Thee I come,
To Thee.

By Thy cross of salvation,
Out of all tribulation,
A sinner redeemed,
I come to Thee,
I come to Thee.

A victor's palm I bear,
A victor's crown I wear,
Coming to Thee, O Christ,
To Thee.

Nehemiah Millard.

Religious Items.

The circulation of the *Christian Herald* of New York, as reported to the General Conference, is 63,200 copies.

The new Methodist Hymnal was issued in June, 1878. Since that time the Book Concern in New York has sold about 300,000 copies.

The Auburn Theological Seminary has called Rev. Dr. Anson J. Upson, Albany, to succeed Dr. Herrick Johnson, as professor of sacred rhetoric.

Rev. Noah M. Wells, the oldest Pres- byterian minister in the United States, died at Erie, Mich., May 1, aged almost 98 years.

Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D., of San Fran- cisco, Cal., has resigned his pastorate on account of feeble health. His resignation, however, refuses to accept it until he has a year's vacation, which he will take.

Fifty-three members were added to Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, May 2—thirty-five by con- fession of faith and eighteen by bap- tism.

Dean Ryle, Bishop-elect of Liverpool, withdraws from the English Canon- ical Association, and announces that he comes a bishop of the Church and not of any sect or party.

The Danielites, the latest Eng- lish sect, are strict vegetarians, and abstain from beer, wines and sig- nate and tobacco.

On the Sunday morning after his elec- tion for Middlebury, Mr. Gladstone, Premier of England, took part in a morning service at Hawarden Castle, England, by reading the Lessons ap- pointed for the day.

Bishop Paddock, in his recent an- nual charge to the Episcopal clergy of this city, dwelt at great length on the frequency of the changes in the past-oral relation. About one clergyman in six is unsettled.

Rev. Dr. Deems is now in Egypt. He will go up the Nile as far as the cataraet; after which he will make a tour through the Holy Land, thence to Constantinople and Athens, and re- turn to Paris to remain one month, and then return to America. He will give a series of lectures and write a book of his travels.

The young people in connection with the Congregational Churches of American Board, have in twenty-two years past raised for missions one quarter of a million of

[Concluded.]

five had there taken a partial course of less than four years. The liberal offer of free scholarships, by the trustees, to such persons as would enter in 1878, brought about one hundred young men as applicants for admission at the Commencement in that year, eighty-eight of whom were admitted and constituted the freshman class. The number of students, which since 1867, had averaged 111 previous to 1878, now became unprecedentedly large. The expense is not so great as one-half that at other colleges, and the scholar can offset a very considerable part of that by manual labor, out of study hours, upon the college farm. At the same time the exercise conduces to health, and enables the student to reduce to immen-

Bishop Hurst was born in Dorchester County, in what we call the Eastern Shore, near the same section that gave birth to the Dashiells, Nadal, and many other lights of the church. To the credit of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, or the part east of the Chesapeake, it has raised other things besides children and mosquitoes; it has raised men, and many of them have been and are the best specimens of that species. Bishop Hurst is a fair type of this class, not so much in physical proportions as in intellect, scholarship and true manhood. He was born May 17, 1834, and is just 46 years old. He prepared for college in his native county, at Cambridge Academy, and graduated at Dickinson College in 1854, when only twenty years old, and that, too, with high and blustering honors. From thence he went to the State of New York, where he taught ancient languages for two years at Heidelberg Institute. After this he went to Germany and studied theology at the great universities of Halle and Heidelberg.

ESTHER CASE PARKER WAS BORN AUG. 12, 1798, in Coventry, Conn. She was the daughter of Major Tubal and Esther Parker Case.

Her mother was a devoted member of the First Baptist Church, and her home will be well remembered by many members of the East New York Conference. Esther was a neighbor of Harlan Park and became a member of the Congregational Church in Coventry. She was active in evangelical teaching in 1819. In 1825 she married Silas Loomis, with whom she lived eight years. After the death of her husband, she was left with two sons and a small means to keep her two sons and daughter with her, and give them a good education. She went with them to Wilbraham and Holliston in Massachusetts, and Middlebury in Vermont. Silas and Lafayette C. Loomis, graduated at Wesleyan Uni-

Bro. Pike was converted about fifty years ago, and subsequently became connected with the M. E. Church, of which he remained a worthy member until called home. For many years he was a member of the church in South Berwick, Me. Until prevented by the infirmities of age, he was an active Christian. The ordinances of God's house were his delight, and when deprived of these the presence of his Savior afforded him real joy in his home. During his last days, although the eyes were dimmed and memory impaired so that he failed at first to recognize his pastor, or even near friends, yet at the name of Jesus he would smile and sing, and his voice be heard shouting praises to His dear name. He was anxious to go and be with those who had passed on before him. May the religion that so much blessed his life, and sustained him through the years of death, sustain the sons and daughters who are left to mourn their loss.

G. F. Con. Co.

POWER.

BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, jaundice, Constipation, Piles, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a very valuable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

One package will make six quarts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

Buy it at the Druggists. Price, \$1.00.

WELLS, HERRINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
Burlington, Vt.

72

FOR SALE

a bell, weight 700 lbs. pure bell metal; also 52 pps and cushions all in good condition. Must be so soon. Apply to Rev. T. C. MARTIN, pastor E. Church, So. Bailey Falls, Church Box 34. ft.

73

Or, Animal and Vegetable Biology.
By Rev. J. H. Wythe.

This book is one of the list for study by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for the months of May and June, and is announced to be ready April 10. On account of being obliged to make nearly all of the 140 cuts, we postpone the day of issue to May 10.

* * *

The above books will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by

JAMES P. MAGEE,
28 Bromfield St., Boston
New England Methodist Depository. 72

ARTISTS' MATERIAL
For Oil and Water-color Painting,
Drawing, and Wax Flower Making.
Orders by Mail or Express promptly attended to.
By W. A. WALKER & CO., Importing Artists' Col-
ormen, 50 Washington Street, Boston. 61

WEBSTER'S GREAT SPEECHES
One Large Volume, \$3.

No. 11. SOCRATES. By Prof. W. F. Phelps
A. M.....0

No. 12. PESTALOZZI. By Prof. W. F. Phelps
A. M.....0

No. 13. HORACE BAXON. By Prof. A. S. Cook
A. M.....0

No. 14. HENRAGE MANN. By Prof. William
F. Phelps.....0

No. 15. FREEBEL. By Prof. William F. Phelps
A. M.....0

No. 16. ROMAN HISTORY. By J. H. Vincent
D. D.....0

No. 17. ROGER ASCHAM AND JOHN STURGE
Glimpses of Education in the Western World.
By Prof. W. F. Phelps. A. M.....0

No. 18. CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. BY J. L.
Vincent. D. D.....0

No. 19. THE BOOK OF BOOKS. By J. M. Freeman,
D. D.....0

No. 20. THE CHAUTAUQUE HAND-BOOK.
J. H. Vincent. D. D.....0

No. 21. AMERICAN HISTORY. BY J. L. Hurst
but.....0

All the books used by the C. L. S. C. constant
in hand.

JAMES P. MAREE,
28 Bromfield St., Boston.

10
10
*,
10
20
F,
10
*,
10
t,
10
M.
t-
10
T.
10
e-
10
Y
10
t-
10
Y

